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## AN APRIL NIGHT.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Silent and cold lies the Night's dim gold
Where the mists are slumbering, fold on fold,
And the whisper of streams floats into my dreams,
In the path of the moonlight's flying gleams.

The world is still: but a subtle thrill
Stirs in the soul of my sleeping will;
And a dim sweet thought, by the silence wrought,
In the silver palms of the Night is caught!

Like a summer sea, from the time to be,
My dreaming spirit flows back to thee,
And the long vague hours are crowned with flowers
Born of the sunshine and nursed by the showers,

In the gardens of Hope, on the dewy slope
That climbs to the morning's rosy cope—
The morn of bliss, when thy marriage kiss
Crowns the new life with the joy of this!

The joy and gain, unmixed with pain,
That thrills the purple of every vein!
But a sudden cloud, like a trailing shroud,
Drops over the Night—and the winds are loud.

The stars are dead: thro' wild wastes dread
The storm sweeps on with hollow tread;
And golden shallop and silver sail,
The young moon breasteth the surging gale,

Whose shadowy train thro' valley and plain
Is led by the banners of rushing rain;
Till beaten back, in her wasted strength
The storm lies sobbing at all her length!

And the wild winds leap from deep to deep
Down the abysmal gulfs of sleep.
Oh, whisper of streams, melt into my dreams
In the wake of the setting moon's pale beams!

Oh, silent hours, call back the flowers
That blossom in dream-land's fairy bowers!
But the spell is broken, they come no more
From the gardens of bliss on the farther shore!

Like a solemn sea, my love, from thee
My thoughts flow on to the Time to Be,
When the wind's soft tread, in the place of the dead,
Shall stir the daisies about my bed.

When the weeping rain shall call in vain
The flower of my life to bloom again,
Where with sealed eyes my still dust lies,
To waken and blossom in paradise.

* * *

# NORWOOD;

OR

## VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

### CHAPTER XII.

PETE SAWMILL.

Pete Sawmill himself deserves a portrait. He was a huge fellow, black as night, standing full six feet five in his stockings. "Good for wadin'," he used to say. "That's how I went fishin' fust. I didn't know what they gave me such legs for, if it wasn't to wade brooks with!" He derived his name from his strength, and the fact that he at one time worked in a neighboring sawmill. The boys were telling a story one day of a bear, that had, in earlier times, while the men were cutting logs in the neighboring woods, wandered into the mill, and seeing the men's dinner on the log, mounted upon it, and with his back to the saw, began pulling open the cloth, and devouring the meat. The saw soon advanced upon his tail, that lay flat behind him, and nipped a hair or two, at which, a growl! then a sharper pull, and an angrier growl! The third slash cut to the bone, and brought the enraged animal around, with a furious hug at the remorseless saw, which soon rolled him off the log, with sad rents in his garments. This story was once told in his presence, and Pete declared that *he* could hold the saw. And it is said that, getting first a good position, and wrapping the teeth well, when the water was let on he held the saw so powerfully that it could not get into motion. However that may be, the story was always told of him when his name excited curiosity.

Pete was one of those peculiar natures that can never be organized into society, but live, as marmots do, by burrowing, in the neighborhood of men, without living among them.

He had the strength of two ordinary men, but had little regular use for it. Good nature was constitutional—and laughing may be said to have constituted the greater part of his language. He began his sentences with a flourish of *te he's*, and they mostly deliquesced into guttural chuckles. When, on public days, trainings, and elections and cattle shows, Pete's discretion in drink had shown itself to be small, he was never known to quarrel. He settled down in some corner, and talked and laughed to himself with very much the same sounds which issue from a black pot of hasty pudding, as it boils and splutters.

But these periods were not frequent, and Pete was in demand for such work as required strength. For short spells he would put forth extraordinary strength. "I'd rather have Pete to lay stone-walls with than a yoke of oxen," said farmer Jones, "and as for thrashing, he's a perfect machine."

"I love to see him chop wood," said a neighbor. "I think Pete prides himself on the way he swings an axe."

"Well, he's a right to. Just take him on a frosty morning, put a good Collins axe in his hand, and then see him lay off his jacket and mount on a big log, and then he lets in on the wood, and the chips fly so fast that it's dangerous to stand in front. When he's down to the heart of the log, the side of his cut is as smooth as if it had been planed. There's not a man in this town can do up a cord of wood as quick as he can, and as for splittin', he has a natural eye for a log, and sees just where the crack will run. Some folks, you know, strike and strike, and turn the log over, and try it this way and that, afore they find out the splittin'-vein. But Pete sees it the minute he lays his eye on a stick. I saw him one day when Bose Hadley 'd been whalin' away at a big oak log till he was out of breath, take the axe, and turn the log over, and look at both ends, and then square away and let fly, and the axe went through the log so slick, that it fell apart like two boards, and his axe went a rod out of his hands."

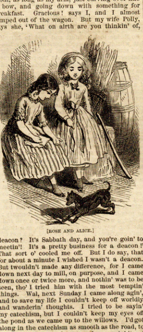
"Pete don't know much," said another, "but what he does know comes to him mighty natural."

"I don't know about his bein' so ignorant. His head don't run on books; I doubt if he knows his letters. But, if I'm butcherin', I'd rather have him than old Harvey himself. Then he has a natural turn for horses, specially if nobody else can manage 'em. Pete, somehow, gets in with 'em, as if they was related."

"He's pretty good in a garden, too. Everything lives that he puts out. I'd rather have him set a tree for me than to do it myself. Pete haint growed away from natur' so far but what he knows what's goin' on in beasts and birds. There aint his equal at fishin' in these parts. The fish just cum, I do believe, and ask him to catch 'em."

"He don't take on airs about it, neither. He aint stingy. He'd just as soon take you to the best brooks and the best places as not. But then that's nothin'. Very like you can't catch a fish. The trout knows who's after 'em. They want Pete to catch 'em, not Tom, Dick and Harry."

"You mind that time he caught that trout out of Holcomb's mill-pond, don't you?—No? Well, it had been known that there was an awful big fellow livin' in there. And I know a hundred folks had tried for him. Gentlemen had come up from New Haven, and from Bridgeport, and from down to New York, a-fishin', and ever so many of 'em had wound up with tryin' their luck for that big trout, and they had all sorts of riggin'. One he tried flies, and another worms; sometimes they took the mornin' and sometimes the evenin'. They knew the hole where he lay. He'd been seen breakin' the water for one thing and another, but allus when nobody was fishin'. He was a curious trout. I believe he knew Sunday just as well as Deacon Marble did. At any rate the deacon thought the trout meant to aggravate him. The deacon, you know, is a little waggish. He often tells about that trout. Sez he, 'One Sunday morning, just as I got along by the willows, I heard an awful splash, and not ten feet from shore I saw the trout, as long as my arm, just curving over like a bow, and going down with something for breakfast. Gracious! says I, and I almost jumped out of the wagon. But my wife Polly, says she, 'What on airth are you thinkin' of, deacon? It's Sabbath day, and you're goin' to meetin'! It's a pretty business for a deacon!' That sort o' cooled me off. But I do say, that for about a minute I wished I wasn't a deacon. But twouldn't made any difference, for I came down next day to mill, on purpose, and I came down once or twice more, and nothin' was to be seen, tho' I tried him with the most temptin' things. Wal, next Sunday I came along agin', and to save my life I couldn't keep off worldly and wanderin' thoughts. I tried to be sayin' my catechism, but I couldn't keep my eyes off the pond as we came up to the willows. I'd got along in the catechism as smooth as the road, to the Fourth Commandment, and was sayin' it out loud for Polly, and jist as I was sayin': '*What is required in the Fourth Commandment?*' I heard a splash, and there was the trout, and afore I could think, I said: 'Gracious, Polly; I must have that trout.' She almost riz right up, 'I knew you wan't sayin' your catechism hearty. Is this the way you answer the question about keepin' the Lord's day? I'm ashamed, deacon Marble,' says she. 'You'd better change your road, and go to meetin' on the road over the hill. If I was a deacon, I wouldn't let a fish's tail whisk the whole catechism out of my head;'—and I had to go to meetin' on the hill road all the rest of the summer.'

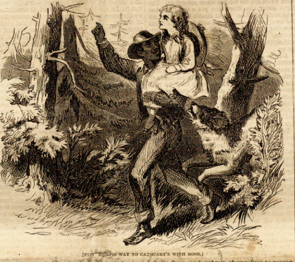


[ROSE AND ALICE.]

"Wal, Pete he worked down to the mill for a week or two—that's as long as he stays anywhere, except at Dr. Wentworth's, and he lets him come and go about as he pleases. And so, one day, says he, 'I'm goin' to catch that big trout.' So, after the sun was gone down, and just as the moon riz and lighted up the tops of the bushes, but didn't touch the water—Pete, he took a little mouse he'd caught and hooked his hook through his skin, on the back, so that it didn't hurt him or hinder his bein' lively, and he threw him in about as far as a mouse could have jumped from the branches that hung over. Of course the mouse he put out lively to swim for his life. Quick as a flash of lightnin', the water opened with a rush, and the mouse went under; but he came up again, and the trout with him, and he weighed between three and four pound."

Agate Bissell could not be expected to put a very high value on one who had only, or chiefly, such qualities as gave Pete his reputation. He had no purpose in life. He had no trade or calling. He was an idle fellow; and that term expressed the utmost condemnation which she could pronounce upon one not positively guilty of crime or vice.

"Doctor Wentworth, it seems to me that Rose might find a better companion than that lazy fellow! What can she learn of him that will make her either wiser or better?"



[PETE SHAPES HIS WAY TO CATHCART'S WITH ROSE.]

The doctor smiled, and only looked at Agate. This habit of hearing what she said without reply seemed to disturb Agate's equanimity. She felt it to be but a way of saying that she was not worth answering, though that was far from the truth. His mind wandered off and followed out what she said, till he quite forgot the answer.

"Agate! will you hand me that large folio of engravings?"

She laid it on the table and opened the volume.

"Now," said the doctor, "do you think it makes any difference with me *who* opens this book for me? The contents are there; and do not depend for their value on the person who opens and shows them. So it is with Pete. He opens the book of nature to Rose—that's all. He has no ideas. He can hardly speak intelligibly. He has no place in society. But he is strangely alive to the facts of nature, and he will show Rose more things in natural history than any person in this town."

"Of course you can do as you please; Rose is your daughter. If she was mine, I don't think I should send her to Pete to learn about this world, or that to come!"

"Courage, Agate! Between Pete and you, I hope to make a good girl of Rose!"

### CHAPTER XIII.

ROSE AND ALICE.

It was a mid-June day, the very balmiest day of the sweetest month of the New-England summer. All that foreign poets say of May, in our northern land must be applied to June. The boisterous winds that rage in March, the cold nights that undo all that warm April days have done, the chilling rain blown from the east upon aguish May, are all past. All the scars of winter are healed, and the conflicts of the spring have issued in a perfect victory, for whose celebration the leaves shake out their ample folds, and the flowers lift up their banners in every field, and through the forests. Their enemy is destroyed. Frosts are dead, and flowers are jubilant.

It would seem that this day of Rose's visit to Alice Cathcart, was, above all other June days, transcendent in mild glory. Never were the blue heavens deeper, and bluer. Never were clouds softer, or sailing in white islands with more tranquil errands. They did not troop with that stern and brilliant march that they seem to have in October days, as if they mustered, afar away, to some call unheard of men, for battle or for vengeance of storms—but they moved gently, as if they carried in their plushy depths sleeping infants, and serenely swaying them, rocked their slumbers into sleep, in a peace high above earthly sounds, and higher even than dreams can fly.

But what foolish creatures birds are! They saw nothing of all this beauty, or else they would not have filled the air with such a racket. Blue birds whispered their brief syllable of music. The meadow lark, who wears a black heart upon its yellow breast, as if all the year it had a sorrow incurable, wailed out its wild, sweet dirge. Robins, plump and familiar, called and sung, in sober jollity, from every orchard, from gardens and fields, from skirts of bushes, and the edges of the forest—our most familiar and sweetest singing summer birds.

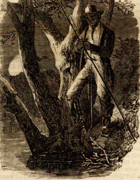
I wrong the sparrow, which begins earlier, sings more constantly, and holds out longer than the thrush—singing its exquisite strain, faulty only in that it is too short, till summer is almost over, till the sun burns the grass, till flocks are silent, till the locusts and the crickets come. No wonder Rose caught her breath, as a song-sparrow broke out in its tenderest strain right above her head, while they were passing a garden edged with trees, and then clapped her little hands, as if asking for more. Who has not done the like, or felt like doing it?

But Pete, on whose shoulders Rose sat with about as much tax upon his strength as an epaulette imposes upon a soldier's shoulder, strided on, to get clear of town and the outskirts, and reach the brook, where he left the road and sought, if not a nearer, yet a pleasanter way, across lots, to 'Biah Cathcart's.

Pete was entirely happy. He had Rose on his shoulder, who sat perked up there with all a queen's joy, and none of her cares. Without knowing why, she felt the influences of the day, and feelings which, later in life, would assume definite form, and submit themselves to reason and analysis, now sent up within her vague and gentle influences, which might be likened to the air about her, filled with sweet exhalations from the ground, and odors from the woods, and sounds of every kind.

But Pete, himself only an overgrown child, was, if possible, happier yet. Blindly along his nerves crept something of the atmospheric influences, stirring, it is probable, no such nascent poetic influences as thrilled the charming little nosegay of a child on his shoulder, but which, in him, were developed in ways of which Rose was quite unconscious. The venatorial instinct seems in undeveloped men to be the rude germ of that which, in civilized men, grows into scientific wisdom. Persons of fine organization, but without education, are often far more quick to discern, and far more in sympathy with, the instincts and habits of animals, than wiser men are. There is a political economy of the woods and fields, as well as of cities and towns—an animal economy as well as a civic economy. Men utterly devoid of the knowledge of property, production, wages, rents or values of any kind, have a clear insight of squirrels, foxes, marmots, fish and birds, in all their varieties.

Pete seemed to know before experience, what every wild creature would do, and had also, apparently, a fascination over them. To what else could be referred the almost utter tameness to him of creatures shy and wild to all others? The quail would not rise, but ran before him as it is known to do before the horse. A partridge would not fly from its nest, and seemed sure that Pete would respect its domesticity. Squirrels ran down the trees, jumped and pranced along the ground, barking and jerking their tails, as if saying among themselves, "Oh, it is nobody but Pete," and went on with their frolics in conscious security. There was a league of peace between him and all creatures. This did not exclude his rights of snaring and fishing; for how could he claim a place in the human family, if he had no right to destroy life? But it is probable that Pete was regarded by the animal kingdom as a kind of fate, or Providence, and that when he saw fit to take birds or fishes, it was eminently proper that birds and fishes should be resigned to depart without questioning his wisdom or kindness.



[PETE SAWMILL "BAITING" FOR THE TROUT.]

Rex, a Newfoundland dog, that seemed to be another Pete running on all fours, seemed this day to be in an ecstatic state. He got out of town with only a few capers. But, his sobriety was all a pretence; scarcely had he reached the open country before he was scouring the pastures, and rousing up the old cows to great excitement in defence of their calves, while two or three brood mares with pokes on, their colts footing it fleetly in advance of them, disappeared over the hill.

"Come back, Rex! you nigger you! Come here, you liar you! Ye said you would behave if I'd let you come."

Rex, with his red tongue out, came at once to his senses, and trotted behind Pete, as if he had never dreamed of an irregularity. But, a little further on, over a bit of round hill, fed a few dozen sheep, and he could no more help going off into them, than a gun can when a spark lights on the powder. In one half minute there was not a sheep to be seen. If they had been blown away by the wind, as leaves are, they could hardly have made such expedition as when Rex suddenly appeared among them.

"Hup! Hup! Rex, you villain! Come down! Come down, you rogue!"

Almost before the sentence was finished, Rex, with a look of the most undisturbed good nature, came over the wall like a grasshopper, leaping first, and looking afterwards; and, as the wall stood upon the crest of a bank, no sooner had he cleared it than he performed a summersault, and rolled down in a manner of which any dignified dog should have been ashamed, but at which Rose laughed till she almost fell off her roost.

Rex seemed really penitent, and might have finished the journey with credit, if Widow Hubbard had not kept geese. The moment he rose the little hill which overlooks the brook, he saw, and slipping through the bushes and over the fence, in a twinkling the whole flock were in a whirl. Some rushed for the water, some tumbled over, all were screaming and trumpeting, and several having got wing, flew squawking for a hundred rods, and came down of sheer inability to keep up. But long before they alighted, Rex had let all alone, and stretched away up the brook to take a smell and a scratch at a woodchuck's hole which never failed to throw him into a paroxysm of excitement since the day that he ran a marmot into it.

The great, succulent leaves of the skunk's cabbage were fully expanded. In places where the brook spread out into a kind of marsh, cowslips were blazing in clumps of yellow, and as they came near the open edge of the woods, spring flowers in great variety bloomed in endless profusion.

By the time that Rose had reached the same point, Rex, his ardor abated, sat on his haunches, panting, his red tongue hanging out, and the utmost propriety stamped upon every feature. How little are dogs to be trusted! This decorum is not skin deep. You would think him a judge. His thoughts run upon duty, moderation, propriety! If you believe it, just let a red squirrel, or a chipmunk, put its nose out of the wall, and see!

Rose would dismount for a few flowers which she espied. Then she must needs be put on the top of the stone wall, next the bar post, where she could look along the brook valley on the other side. Here the little queen took on airs, and sent her Ethiop to get her some moss, or for a sprig from yonder bush, or for some white pebbles out of the brook, for a few rushes out of the bog, for some partridge-berry vines from the edge of the wood. Around her straw gipsy bonnet she had arranged a coronet of leaves and vines and flowers, with a skill that showed how well already she had learned of her father the secret things which flowers tell to all who have their senses exercised to understand the secret lore of Nature!

From her lap full of various treasure, Rose looked along the winding brook, along the narrow, level meadow, which stretched far inland, along the jutting edges of the forest, to the far off blue hills. She forgot where she was. The scene grew shadowy and fantastic. Already, before she knew the words by which men express it, Nature was teaching her something of the Infinite. The visible was leading her to the invisible, and she saw dimly, or felt, the power of the world to come!

Of old, God spoke, in watches of the night, to young Samuel sleeping in the Tabernacle. And still God speaks to the young in the greater Tabernacle of Nature, calling them with voices or influences which, if understood, would reveal strange and deep things, well worthy to be known.

Pete was sprawled upon the ground, watching a petty ant hill and its little fiery swarm, and was coaxing the ants to crawl up on his black hand, when Rose summoned him to resume the journey.

They came to the pine woods in which winds always seemed to Rose to be moaning and sighing, where melancholy birds cried: "Cree-ah, cree-ah," with so sad a tone, that Rose could have cried for them. Through this strip of pine, smelling fragrant of resin, upon the cast off and dead leaves that never more rustle, but cover the ground with soundless carpet, Pete strided, stopping only to point up to a crow's nest. Then they came to a hardwood grove, full of wild azaleas and kalmias. Partridges nested in the part that ran round the side of the hill, and Pete knew where, but had no time now, for it was already between nine and ten. But he must needs show Rose a hole where flying squirrels lived, and stopped in one little open glade to let her see the red squirrels run, and to listen if they might hear the wood-thrush sing. They might have heard it; for they had hardly cleared the grove before it filled the woods with its solitary ecstasy. Rex knew the ground, and though there were endless temptations in the swamp yonder, and quails on the edge of the wood, and partridges among the thick underbrush under the ledge, and infinite delight all round, yet his tender heart knew that he was drawing near to Spark, a black and tan terrier, now only separated from him by the width of a field.

As Rex came over the wall into the door yard, Spark let forth such a stream of barking and yelling that it seemed as if the heat of his rage had melted the separate notes into a molten solution of bark, which terminated as suddenly as it began, when Rex came trotting up, proud as a lion, carrying his ridged tail straight up in the air like a banner. They ran round each other with most familiar smellings, and finally broke away together in a rush down the yard, rolling over and wrestling and racing, until suddenly Spark remembered that he had something hid under the barn,—a rat, or perhaps a weasel, or who knows, it may have been a— whatever that is which a dog is thinking of when he rushes off to poke his nose through each chink, and peep in at every hole, and smell around the whole circumference of the barn and its sheds!

The appearance of Rex vaulting over the wall was the signal that Rose was near. Alice had been waiting impatiently, and good Rachel Cathcart, who filled the whole house with her presence, and yet seldom spoke, and then not above a melodious whisper, had she said what she felt, would have owned that the day was a little brighter for Rose's coming; and so when Rex's black muzzle came over the wall, and set off Spark, everybody ran to the door, and Alice, with her black hair shining in the sun and hanging down her shoulders, shaded her eyes with her hand, and watched on tip-toe. First came a little bit of color, which sank again, but at a step nearer showed a face in it, and a second after a great, good-natured black visage was rising over the wall, and Pete sailed up to the door, giggling and gurgling, as was his manner of salutation. Pete gave Rose a toss, and she, light as a bird and springy as a squirrel, alit by Alice's side, and each of them disappeared in the other's arms, in a sort of general mixture of kissing and caressing.

Aunt Rachel—Rose always called her aunt—stood looking at them as if, for a moment, all the world looked bright, and children, at least, had a right to be happy.

And now, what were the girls to do? Do?—the morning was not long enough for their pressing necessities! First, they ran to Alice's room, and, with much confidential and low talk, inspected some, I know not what, treasure—may be a new cap,—perhaps a doll,—possibly a baby's bed or bureau,—and it may be a whole suit of doll's apparel! There was a session up garret, which was general play-room, and where all sorts of stow-aways and good-for-somethings—crippled chairs, dilapidated bureaus, old fire-fenders, and boxes of various patterns, give endless room for rummaging. If they find anything, well and good; if they do not, they make it all up, saying: "Oh, Rose, what if we should open that drawer, and then you should see a gold bird, and he should jump out and fly up on that clothes-line, and begin to sing!" etc.

But Rose, to-day, was to see more substantial things; for it was the cheese-day, and Aunt Rachel's cheeses, like everything from her hands, admitted of no rivalry. Already the curd was formed; but Rose was called to see it broken up, salted, drained, and pressed. With wonder she inspected the cheese-room, where some two score cheeses, of various ages, lay ranged upon the successive shelves.

"These are old," said Alice, pointing to the topmost row; "these are going to market; and these are not cured yet; we have to turn and rub them every day."

Which operation Rose gravely essayed to perform under Aunt Rachel's direction.

Nothing could long detain the children from the only city of a child's desires—a huge, old-fashioned barn! There is something in its homely simplicity, in its negligence, that puts them at ease. No carpets hold them in caution; no furniture lords it over the freedom of their motions. No valetudinarians or nervous people are incommoded by their noise. It is a very castle of liberty to them! They are unwatched and untutored. They are their own masters. Mice squeak and quarrel in the bins and barrels. The old cat is roused by the symptoms, and lies alert, crouched, or glides eagerly in and out searching for her prey. Swallows fly in and twitter up and down about their nests plastered under the ridge-pole. Flocks of hens come to the door, look in first with one eye, and then with the other,—each one calling "Cut-cut-cutarkut!" or else suppressing in her throat some remark not prudent to utter!

To-day, both doors, wide and high, stood wide open, leaving the floor clear through to the sunshine and fresh air. One mow was empty, waiting for the new crop of hay soon to be cut. The other side yet held many tons, and furnished a spot for jumping and frolicking. With a wild outcry a hen flies off her nest. One would think she had been threatened, attacked, and every right rudely invaded! Instead of that she has only laid an egg! Many of her superiors make all the noise without the egg. The children run for it,—they search for others,—and, oh joy of excitements, find a new nest, with ten eggs in it! They bear their treasure and triumph of discovery to the house with exultation. They race back again for their sport. Their bonnets are gone, their cheeks are flushed,—every thing is mirthful,—they laugh at the gate, and laugh at the hens, and laugh at Spark, who is just now seized with the conviction that there is a rat somewhere, and who is running wildly, all a-tremble with excitement and fairly screaming with fury at the dastardly rat, who has not the rat-hood to come forth and show himself openly, but meanly takes advantage of his hole!

They peer into the root-cellar, and look timid,—it is so very dark, and a foul, damp air and smell of old roots send them away. The grain-room is more attractive. They measure oats, and climb up on the slippery ears of unshelled corn, which slide them down as fast as they scramble up. They get into the buggy, and lay the whip upon imaginary horses, and jounce up and down upon the springy seats, as if the road was very rough or the speed very great. The well, too, calls them. It is an old-fashioned well, dug so many years ago that every body has forgotten when. It is very deep—they peer over, and look down, and can see nothing; and that is always very terrible when one is looking into darkness; and both run away, and then laugh because they ran.

It is noon. Ah, how clear the sky! How sweet the air! How full of clover smell—great red clover, which spreads out just below, whole acres, and has drawn hither bees from every direction, and made them greedy with delight! And now the horn blows. It is dinner time—twelve o'clock. "There is father!" cries Alice, and runs for him, and Rose hard after, and both get kissed for their pains, and one is mounted on one shoulder and one on the other—while Barton Cathcart, in tow pantaloons, barefoot, tanned, all but his eyes and hair, which are black as night, walks briskly, to let the girls see that ten years old can keep step with full-grown men. And Papa Cathcart must wash his great head and tan-colored neck and short hair all over—and Barton Cathcart must wash his soiled hands and tanned face—and Rose and Alice must wash their red faces and white hands!

The dinner was in the great kitchen to-day. Not that there was not a dining-room, which served also for the sitting-room. But now was the busy time, and the old kitchen was so large and pleasant, and it was so much easier for Mrs. Cathcart to do the work, there being only a girl to help her. The doors stood wide open, and the windows stood wide open, and before long mouths were open too. The potatoes could not contain themselves, but in the goodness of their hearts had split open with benevolence, and lay in the dish like sacks of meal ripped open and spilling. The meat smelled so good!—even the dogs could not wait. Rex, with the most beseeching eagerness, licked his chops, and Spark whined and trembled, and half-barked, as much as to say, "I can't stand it much longer."

They all ate—the two hired men ate, and the man that hired them ate, and the boys ate and the girls, and even the dogs ate, snapping the morsels and scraps from time to time flung to them, and swallowing them so suddenly, that it was as if they had been flung down a well.

Where was Pete? Gone back to town to tell the Doctor and Mrs. Wentworth that Rose would stay all night, and that Pete was to come back with some fish-spears, and that a party would be formed to go out to Broad Brook that night to spear suckers. Pete mounted the colt,—a horse ten years old, but which was still called the colt. The "young horse" was nearly fifteen. Indeed, the team horses were only seven and eight years old, and the "colt" and "young horse" were the veterans. On his bare back Pete sat astraddle, his long legs nearly sweeping the ground, and both horse and rider being of one mind, the journey was not long, nor was the return so delayed but that Pete arrived in ample time to secure his dinner.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE NIGHT FISHING.

Long had Alice been promised that she should see some night fishing. What it should be, filled Rose with mysterious imaginations. Hardy and tough Barton, who that afternoon had vacation in honor of Miss Rose, being three years her senior, felt the importance of his superior age, and taught and dictated in the most edifying manner.

The spears were sharpened, and Pete and Barton made torches, tying a rude tin cup to a short stick and filling it with turpentine and oil. A loose wick was provided, which was capable of giving a broad glare of light.

At length the supper was over; the two-horse wagon came round; the girls were charged with extra shawls for use when returning. The light along the West was yet a day light, but was rapidly fading. Great clouds lay banked up far away in the south-west, and flashes of light shooting through them told of distant thunder-storms. But all the sky hitherward was clear and serene, and within an hour the moon would be up.

A drive of a mile brought the party to Broad Brook. It was one of those rocky and gravelly streams found in mountain regions, which emigrants settled upon the flat alluvial lands of the West long for, when in fevers they lie half asleep and half awake, and dream that they are back again at home, and see the water clear as crystal rushing over the pebbles, or widening into sheets, and longing for its coolness, awake, and in their weakness shed tears for very home-sickness!

Broad Brook was of mountain origin. Into it came Glover's Brook from the ravine, famous for its wildness and its trout, and Twist's River, and ever so many more mountain-fed little streams; so that by the time it had come down to Morse's Bridge it had become a stream of some dignity and power. Had its waters been compressed into narrow bounds, it would have been formidable for any one who should seek to ford it. But it preferred to spread itself, and to brawl over a wide bottom, and to wind along the edges of the hills, with meadows on one side and rocks on the other, now and then circuiting off far into the grass-lands, running deep, with many a pool. Above the bridge, for the most part, it hugged the hills, and was broad and shallow, better fitted for wading.

The party were soon upon its banks. The western light had grown dim. A steep bank on the far side of the river, clothed with trees, and especially held by the solemn black hemlock, served to shut out the little remaining twilight. The roar of the brook, its wild and threatening look, at first daunted Rose and Alice, and brought them close to each other, to Barton's great edification. That was because they were girls! He would show them! and without more ado he jumped into the water, not quite knee deep, and walked across and back, and let the water bubble up around his legs. The torches were soon lit, and Pete and Barton took each a spear, and, girding a bag about them to hold the fish, began to move up the stream. From the banks, under 'Biah Cathcart's care, the girls watched the strange and wild scene. The smoky torches threw a red glare on the water, whose wrinkled face gave back the light in broken flashes. The bank obscurely loomed out from the other side, jutting forward, seemingly, as the light hazily revealed its rocks, and drawing back again when a clump of hemlocks or mountain laurels opened dark recesses through the foliage. Moving slowly against the rushing stream, passing the light along its surface, and surveying its bottom, Pete and Barton for a time seemed to find nothing. But as they neared a point where the water, swinging around, deepened a little, Barton plunged down his spear, and, with some commotion and tussle, held it there. His torch had almost fallen. But regaining his foothold, he soon lifted a large sucker above the water, the first prize of the evening. Scarcely was his trophy secured before Pete, who had been bending and searching the bottom, was seen aiming his spear, and with sudden stroke, retracted as soon, lifted a fish large enough to make the ashen spear handle bend.

Growing bolder as they advanced, Rose and Alice imagined themselves in a fairy story. Pete and Barton, now in gloom and now shining out in the red light of the torches, seemed like gnomes. The trees, as the torches were carried under them, were lit up with an atmosphere such as no unenchanted trees ever knew. The water seemed to be some living thing, and scowled or laughed, winked and blinked, as if it knew something wild and dreadful. Now the stream left the hill, and moved between two rows of stiff alders, and the fishers were lost to the sight, only a faint red smoke flickering above the bushes, revealing their progress. Then winding back again, the stream brawled against the rocks, and ran for a long way under the projecting branches of hard wood trees.

And now the girls, growing somewhat bolder and more familiar, wanted to go into the brook. Of course they could not. But couldn't somebody let them ride? How could 'Biah Cathcart carry two girls, seven years old, when the river bottom was so uneven? What if his foot should slip, or he should step down into a hole—where would the girls be?

But couldn't Pete take one, and the father take the other? Rose could ask for nothing which Pete would not do. He would have laid down in the river, or in a mud-hole, or climbed the steepest rock, or jumped the most dangerous chasm, if Rose told him to. And when, as they rounded a clump of bushes, Pete came near the bank, Rose said to him: "Pete, mayn't I get on your shoulder?" the controversy was ended, and in a twinkling he was at the bank, and Rose was mounted; and Alice, not a minute after, was on her father's shoulder close behind, and all were in the foaming stream. And now I defy you, oh painters, to render me in true form and color that scene—the wrinkle-faced river, ruddy and changeful—the overhanging boughs, up into whose obscure depths shoots a smoky, tremulous light—and the strange forms of men moving slowly along the water, bearing two maidens as sweet as ever dazzled the eyes of deluded mortals! Was it strange that Rose seemed to herself translated from the real world into one of dreams? The dizzy gravel at the bottom appeared to her to be running and racing; the water seemed like so many serpents red and black, wreathing together and winding in and out of coils that were endless in length and strange in their convolutions. Never had she seen such leaves as those there above her head, weird with light shot up upon them from beneath, and over all, the solemn black of the night sky!

They had well nigh reached the upper road when the moon rose, and poured its light full upon the bridge that now appeared not far ahead, and upon a party that sat in an open carriage gazing down upon this strange procession.

"Mercy—look down into that river! What is it, Hiram?"

"Wal, as near as I can see, it's a nigger sprouted and blossoming into a white folk. If 'Biah Cathcart warn't a sober man, I should say that hindermost one was he, and his darter on his back. And if that one ahead aint Pete and the Doctor's Rose, I'll never kiss my wife agin. Scissors and pumpkins! if that aint a spree! and here it is after nine o'clock at night! Hullo there! where's Aunt Rachel? and where's the rest of the family? Aint there any more comin'? You might jest as well have finished out the frolic and brought along everything you've got, as to have them children out this time o' night!"

But Hiram's banter had no effect upon the party. All of them were keyed up too high with the sport. Pete gurgled and giggled; 'Biah said nothing, but smiled contentedly; and Barton alone had voice to shout, till the woods rung.

"You'd better take them children home, unless you want a bigger river on the top of 'em than you've got under 'em!" said Hiram, as he touched his ponies and started away.

Sure enough! The sky was gathering clouds. Low and distant thunder was heard. They must hasten back. Blinded and bewildered by the unnatural light and the swirling water, 'Biah and Barton would have followed down the bank but for Pete, whose head seemed as unaffected by the scene as a compass is by the commotion of waters. The winding of the river had given them a course of two miles, but scarcely half a mile need be traversed in a straight line, to bring them to the wagon. Following Pete, they soon were safely seated, and the horses, impatient and restive, as if by instinct aware that a storm impended, no sooner had their heads turned homeward, than they dashed off with full course. The sparks flew from under their feet. They grew more eager with each turn of the road, and 'Biah soothed and restrained them with both voice and rein. It seemed to the girls that the whole ride was like an arrow's rush. Bushes darkly loomed and disappeared, a faint glimmer of a house was extinguished in a second by their rapid passing. The wind was swaying the trees and rolling up the damp dust of the road, and the thunder shook the very ground as it fell nearer and nearer. They were not afraid. They secretly gladdened with the growing turmoil.

Aunt Rachel had been uneasy ever since the children left. Rex had been kept in the house lest his freaks should disturb the fishing. At every sound he lifted his muzzle. Often he went to the door, and smelt and whined. But now the storm was coming on. Aunt Rachel's fears grew painful. Every thunder roll increased her alarm. The big drops were beginning to smite the panes of glass, when Rex bounced up with excitement, and gave a roaring bark which could mean nothing but their arrival. In good time! for, just as the party tumbled out, and the girls were borne in, the torrent descended; and when the light from the open door struck out into the air, the sheets of water seemed literally to fulfil Hiram's hyperbole, that rivers of water would fill the heavens.

"Oh, father," said Rachel Cathcart, "it is wild of you to have these children out on such a night! Come in, my darlings."

But Rose and Alice were evidently too much excited and happy to need pity.

"Why, Rachel, do you suppose people catch cold when they are excited like these children?"

"But what would Doctor Wentworth say?"

"Say? Why he would say that such an experience was better than a dozen volumes of books—that it would give life to the imagination, that it would give the children impressions which would enlarge their whole after life—that's what he would say! and if he had been along himself, he would have enjoyed it better than any of us. Don't you think so, Rose?"

Rose sagely assented.

"Why, father, you seem as much excited as the children?"

"Why not? I hope never to get over being young. I look back on this night as if I had been walking in a cave full of crystals. I shall never forget it, and I'll warrant the children never will. Such things clean off the drudgery and sameness of life, and reach toward a deeper meaning. At any rate, that's what the doctor'll say, to-morrow. You see if he don't."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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# THE CHARM OF WISHING NIGHT.

## A LEGEND OF DAFFIDOWNDILLY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

At the date of our story there were peculiar superstitions in every town in the wide world. Daffidowndilly had one about the evening of the fifth of April. They called it the "Wishing Night," and old gossips would tell you how any damsel could wish her finger into a wedding ring by acting according to directions—three wishes being sure to bring a husband. But these wishes were not all to be made at the same time. The first part of the process being much the least awesome, for it was only that the maiden, being in her teens, was to go to a church porch at midnight, and there, looking straight at the sacred edifice, to bow thrice and say:

"May the angels send me a husband before this time twelvemonth, and after that may the Lord help me."

Quite a provident addendum as marriages turn out sometimes.

Then, having waited for ten minutes or more, the damsel was to go home without speaking a word and retire in silence. That night she dreamt of her future spouse, and it was deemed highly probable that within the year he would make his appearance in proper person. If he did not, however, on the next wishing night the lady was to proceed to the same church porch at the same hour, and there utter these words:

"May the Good Lord find me a husband before the twelvemonth passes, and not let me ask help of anyone else."

With which expression of her wishes she was to go home dumbly as before and wait. This time she must wait until she was out of her teens. Then on any fifth of April she might at midnight go to the church once more, if she durst, and there say these horrible words:

"Now since the angels will not help me, and neither will the Lord, may Satan send me a husband, if it costs me my soul."

And after that there was no fear of her dying a spinster.

A good many girls during a good many years had gone to St. Ann's to repeat the first request; for the angels are, after all, not much feared by mortals. And one or two had been so irreverent as to go a second time. But for fifty years no one had ever been so blasphemous as to request the old gentleman's assistance in her love affairs, and the one instance in which it was known had a fearful ending, for the girl went mad with terror when she had uttered the words, and died before the dawn broke. Moreover, no church could be found which would permit her bones to repose in its consecrated ground, and there was in the woods a grave with a nameless stone, where she was said to have been placed by those who had loved her.

Old women who were the authorities in such matters in that place declared that it was best never even to repeat the first innocent charm lest worse should come of it, and so did all well-principled young ones. But Madge Burton, who was by no means a model young woman, but a regular tomboy, afraid of nothing, and determined, despite her utter want of any dowry, to marry, and to marry well, made up her mind one evening when the fifth of April was near at hand, and, for the millionth time, she had heard the old legend muttered and mumbled by her grandmother as she spun at the little wheel in the long kitchen, that as far as the first charm went there could be no harm at all, and that she had courage enough to go to the church porch and ask the angels to make her match for her.

So when the Wishing Night arrived, on the year in which Madge Burton was eighteen, she arose from her bed when the hour of twelve was striking, and, wrapping herself in a great cloak, slipped out of the little kitchen door, fastened only by a bolt, and made her way to the church porch.

The moon was full, and everything as bright as day, and Madge felt no fear. She knelt down where she could see the oaken door, and crossed her hands on her bosom, and, as solemnly as though she were saying her prayers, whispered:

"May the good angels send me a husband before this time twelvemonth, and after that may the Lord help me," and knelt out the prescribed time, and went home feeling as though she had done rather a good action, for surely to ask the angels for a husband could do no harm to either soul or body.

It did no good either as far as her object went, for the year waxed and waned and no one came to win and woo her. Her old grandmother was crosser than ever and her life harder, and she longed more and more to be some rich man's wife and be rid of all the poverty and toil; and Madge fancied it would be a happy thing to be loved, also, and was not quite without romance, and she felt that fate was not kind to her, when the fifth of April came again and still no lover had crossed the threshold.

"I will try the second charm," she said to herself. "There can be no such great harm. The last words might mean nothing, and Grannie has been dinging it into my ears all day long as though to tempt me. She never guesses that, poor soul. I'll go to the porch once more, and I'll trust that a kind good man will come to me for the going. I'm not a timid creature, thank fortune. I can dare a great deal."

So when the midnight bell rang she slipped out of her bed once more and donned the same great cloak, worn and faded and frayed now, and yet her only one, and opening her door went through the little garden patch and along the lane and away to the church porch, and there she knelt and said these words:

"May the good Lord find me a husband before the twelvemonth passes," and paused, and her voice faltered—but the charm must be completed:—"and never let me ask aid of any one else," she stammered, and started up and fled shuddering home.

It was not a bright night, and the wind was moaning in an unearthly sort of way, and she dared not look behind her lest she should see some awful thing following her; and never was mortal so thankful as she when she had bolted the cottage door safe behind her.

But that night she dreamed that a handsome gallant gave her a plain gold ring, and that, her grandmother assured her, was in itself a sign of a wedding, though the old woman never guessed that Madge had been to try the charm of that Wishing Night at the church porch.

So Madge took comfort and said to herself that whatever the words portended, any husband sent that year was sent by the Lord, for whatever the last words meant the request was made to no other. And she watched and waited the year through.

But no husband came, nor even the shadow of a lover, though Madge was as pretty as girl could be, for the young men of Daffidowndilly were prudent and liked wives who had money and lands; and the year passed again as the others had. But though she was twenty now, Madge dared not go to the church-porch on the next Wishing-Night. To the last she thought she could, but it was all too terrible. So the day passed, and the next anniversary; and all the while things were growing worse and worse for Madge. Her grandmother had grown too feeble to spin, and their cow was dead, and the vegetables in the garden did not prosper, and her own work was scant, and it was all she could do to live. Moreover, the little hut in which they lived had a rent—small as it was,—and that was behind hand, and the owner threatened to eject the two women. After that there was nothing, Madge feared, for the old woman but the poor-house; and for herself, but beggary; for Madge was not one to work with a will and fight her way out of difficulty. So, as a third saint's eve came about, she resolved, in a sort of desperation, to try the last charm which every one said was certain to bring about the desired end.

All day she thought of it, and trembled with apprehension. When she heard the clock strike twelve, she arose from her bed and dressed herself, and again it was the same cloak she wrapped about her—quite a beggar's rag, tattered and rent by this time.

It was a wretched night. A terrible storm was brewing; the sky was ink-black, and the wind moaned and muttered. Then, too, there had been a fearful murder committed not far off, that very morning. A servant had murdered his master for the purpose of robbing him of a large sum of money and an immense amount of jewelry; and the place rung with the news, and timid people were frightened out of their senses.

Madge had nothing to lose, it was true; but to think of this horrible thing, on the lonely road, was not pleasant, and she could not drive it from her mind. She remembered that the gentleman's name was Huston, and that his servant was a Frenchman, named Antoine. She remembered how he had stolen into his master's room, and how the blood had dripped over the white hangings down upon the floor. All the horrible incidents arose before her to terrify her, as though the thing she was about to do were not terrible enough.

Still, through the heavy mud and against the bitter blast, Madge Burton struggled to the church-porch. She could not see the door as she knelt before it, but she turned her eyes toward it, and said, with a voice that faltered and trembled despite the courage of which she boasted:

"Now, since the angels will not help me and neither will the Lord, may Satan send me a husband, within the year if—— !"

And then, as if in mercy, the blast blew her words away so that no listening ear could hear them; but she, waiting for a calm, repeated them:

"——Even if it should cost me my soul!"

And with that there came a moan and wail of the gust and a whirl of the bare-branches of the willows about the church, and the hoot of an owl in the belfry; and, amidst it, Madge essayed to flee homeward. But the road was dark, and she lost her way; and, finding herself in an unknown spot, amidst all that storm at midnight, began to weep aloud.

Then, as though he had arisen from the earth, she found a man at her side, who spoke to her gently, and offered to take her safely home; and, glad of any help, she accepted his kindness.

How he came there she never knew; she never even asked. He was young, and his manner to her was very courteous. She guessed that he was handsome; and she had no doubt that the charm had brought him to her side. From the first, she guessed that he was the wooer she had prayed for. But she forgot him for a while in what came after; for, when she reached the cottage, her grandmother was dead! It seemed part of the punishment which Madge felt that she deserved so well; and, though they had not loved each other over much, the girl felt shocked and terrified. Nevertheless, before the funeral had been over twenty-four hours, the young stranger had entered the little cottage once again as her lover. The wooing was a brief one. In a week she was his wife; and he purchased a pretty home in Daffidowndilly, and installed her its mistress. He dressed her in silks, and velvets, and rich laces, and jewels, which came from his dead ancestors,—so he said,—and he seemed to love her very dearly. He was a Frenchman, and called himself Monsieur Henri,—Henri Henri, he said he had been christened. And so Madge should have been happy; but she could never rid herself of the thought that this husband was sent to her by Satan; and then, in his sleep, Monsieur Henri muttered strange things and started awake with beads of sweat upon his brow; and once had sprung to the floor crying:

"I will not live to be taken."

"A nightmare," he said, in explanation. He had been subject to them from a child, but despite that his wife felt a certain fear of him after that, and kind as he was, thought often and often with horror of the words that she had uttered on the night when she had knelt in the church porch.

The year passed on and the fifth of April came again. It was a terrible day to Madge. She could do nothing but crouch over the coal-fire, shivering as with an ague. In vain her husband laughed and scolded.

"Something terrible is about to happen, Henri," was all that she could say to him. "Do not be angry with me—I cannot help this; I believe this day is an evil one."

And then he startled her by crying out:

"I believe so too," and clenching both hands upon his brow as some lost spirit might. But when she screamed in terror he said softly—"Nevertheless I met *you* on this day, darling."

So the two, holding each other's hands, sat before the fire, and Madge felt that this charm had at least brought her a loving husband, whatever ill might come to her. They sat together, saying very little until the day closed in and the Wishing Night had come, and perhaps some silly girl was thinking of the church porch as Madge had once thought of it; and then the wife arose to light candles and have the shutters closed and shut out the haunted night as best she might.

"Oh, if it only passes without some great woe, I can hope and pray for a blessing," she thought, "for forgiveness for those wild words of that mad prayer."

As she thought thus the servant-woman was opening the door to one who had knocked.

Two men stood without.

"Who lives here?" asked one.

"Monsieur Henri," said the girl.

Then the men strode past her and into the parlor, where the husband and wife sat. Both started to their feet.

"What do you want here, gentlemen?" cried M. Henri.

"We are looking for one Antoine Giraud," said the foremost man.

"He is not here—I am M. Henri," said Madge's husband; but two hands were upon his shoulders.

"You are Antoine Giraud," said the second man—"I know you; and we arrest you in the name of the law for the robbery and murder of your master, Mr. Huston, one year ago to-day."

And as he spoke some one laughed, and in the doorway Madge saw standing a black, horrible creature—Satan himself in proper person—and dropped senseless to the ground. Her husband looked at her.

"Poor little one!" he said. "She loved me, but Satan sent me to her to break her heart."

And with the words, before the two men who held him could guess his purpose, he drew a pistol from his bosom and blew his brains out.

The legend further sayeth that, at that moment, the fiend claimed his own and bore poor Madge away bodily to repeat her last visit to the church porch on Wishing-Night to all eternity; but there are skeptical persons in Daffidowndilly who declare that in her agony she drowned herself in the river which ran near the house and was swept away to the sea. Certainly no one in Daffidowndilly ever saw her again. And the story only came to light through the servant, who also saw the fiend as he stood grinning at the door, and heard the words that Madge uttered when she saw him.

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### Government of the Tongue.

How beautiful is that admonition of St. James, from the propriety of the imagery under which the moral is conveyed! He exhorts to govern the tongue, which, though so small a member of the body, is yet of such great effect, that to govern the tongue is to govern the whole man. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body. Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us, and we turn about the whole body. Behold also the ships, which, though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth." Nothing upon the subject can possibly exceed the eloquence of this passage; and the apostle carries on his discourse all the way in the same beautiful style of allusion.

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### Moral Beauty.

What is the beauty of nature but a beauty clothed with moral associations? What is the highest beauty of literature, poetry, fiction, and the fine arts, but a moral beauty which genius has bodied forth for the admiration of the world? And what are those qualities of the human character which are treasured up in the memory and heart of nations—the objects of universal reverence and exultation, the themes of celebration, of eloquence, and the festal of song, the enshrined idols of human admiration and love? Are they not patriotism, heroism, philanthropy, disinterestedness, magnanimity, martyrdom?

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—God and love are everywhere; in light, in colors, in flowers, in the beauty of man, in the happiness of animals, in the human mind, in the endless spheres, as the sun shines on all, alike yet differently, and is majestic on the ocean, sparkling in a dewdrop, ruddy on the ripe fruit, silver on the stream, many-colored in the rain bow, and pale and tremulous in the moon.

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—True honor is that which refrains to do in secret what it would not do openly; and, where other laws are wanting, imposes a law upon itself.

## DUTY.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

'Tis but a coward who will say,
"There is a lion in the way!"
Where Duty calls you must obey,
Forever pressing on.
And he who strives to run a race,
Toward the prize must set his face,
And never try a slower pace,
Until the goal be won!

The soul, that first in Heaven has birth,
And like a spirit walks the earth,
Is not a thing of little worth,
Nor lightly set aside;
It has its duties to perform,
Must meet the calm, and ride the storm;
And battle where temptations swarm,
In every conflict tried.

For every trial is designed
To mould the heart and form the mind—
As gold in furnace is refined,
And cleansed from all its dross;
So when we're passing through the fire,
And disappointment mocks desire,
We know our souls are rising higher;
And gain will conquer loss!

Then keep the road, nor turn again,
Let Satan call and call in vain;
If you are anxious to obtain,
And wear a crown of gold,
You've but to fight—the vict'ry 's sure;
And if you to the end endure,
A rich reward you will secure,
And happiness untold.

'Tis but a coward who will say,
"There is a lion in the way!"
Where Duty calls you must obey,
Forever pressing on.
And he who strives to run a race,
Toward the prize must set his face,
And never try a slower pace,
Until the goal be won!

## EARNING HER OWN LIVING.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Oh, John, I don't see how you can be so cruel!"

Barbara Berry's voice sounded as if she had not exactly concluded whether to burst into tears or fly into a passion. She was a tall, pretty girl, with red velvet lips and very black hair and eyes, and teeth as white and even as little pearls. Her husband, who stood on the hearth rug, buttoning his overcoat up in a most leisurely manner, looked down upon her with a troubled face.

"Barbara, I think you are a little unreasonable."

"Oh, of course—I always am!" And Barbara, postponing the passion for the present, burst into tears. "But I never thought my husband would refuse me the first thing I ever asked of him."

"Neither would I, Barbara," answered the husband, soothingly, "if it were anything reasonable. But a diamond ring! Pet, have you any idea what it would cost?"

"I could get a very nice cluster for five hundred dollars, I am sure."

Mr. Berry shook his head gravely.

"I have no right to spend five hundred dollars for such a trifle, while my partners are investing all their means in the business and striving to economize in every possible way."

"Trifle!" sobbed Barbara; "but that is all the regard you have for my feelings, John Berry. Of course it is a *trifle*—*I* am a trifle, and it's a great pity you took the trouble to marry me. I dare say you repented it [illegible] many times since."

"Barbara!" remonstrated the husband, soothingly. But he did not tell her how hard he was working to pay the debts her worthless father had left, burdening himself to the utmost that no one should have the power to speak scornfully or slightingly of the memory of Barbara's dead father. No, he did not tell her this.

"Barbara," said John Berry, looking wistfully after her, as she threw herself down in an easy chair with her handkerchief to her eyes—"little wife, have you no good-bye kiss for me? You know I am going away for a week, on business for the firm."

She never looked up, nor moved. He stooped down and pressed his lips to her forehead.

"Good-bye, Barbara."

She did not answer, and he went away, sighing softly to himself, for he loved the pretty, wilful girl with all the strength of his honest heart, and her obliquities of temper grieved and puzzled him sorely.

The echo of the closing door had scarce died away on Barbara's ear, when she sprang to her feet.

"My resolution is taken," she said, aloud. "Since John cares no more for me than to refuse the first *real* favor I have ever asked of him, I will leave him forever. He will learn that my wishes are not thus lightly to be disregarded. I can earn my own living—I can support myself by my unaided efforts, and I *will* do it!"

So Barbara Berry went upstairs to the little room that John had furnished with so much loving thought of her taste, and reference to her likes and dislikes, and resolutely packed the small trunk which was all that she had brought to her married home.

"I will send for it this evening," she thought.

Then she wrote a brief note to her husband, stating her intention of freeing both himself and her from the bond that had doubtless become hateful to them both, and laid it on his dressing-case, where he would find it when he returned from his business trip.

And all this time Barbara Berry's eyes were dry and her scarlet under-lip firmly held down by the pearl-white teeth John had been so proud of. But when she laid out on the bureau the coral ear-drops he had given her a month ago, and the watch that had been her wedding gift, and the little trinkets his love had supplied her with, from time to time, the tears sparkled into her eyes, and for one instant her resolution quailed.

But it was only for an instant, and then her heart grew harder and more wilful than ever. She tied on the bonnet she had worn before she was married and folded the checked black and white shawl round her shoulders, and went down into the kitchen.

"Ellen," she said to the brisk servant girl who was paring potatoes by the fire, "you can go home and visit your mother for a week. By that time Mr Berry will have returned, and you will receive further orders from him."

"Yes, ma'am," said delighted Ellen, with a curtsey.

And Mrs. Berry waited until Ellen was fairly out of the house; and then, carrying a roll of manuscript in her hand, she locked the front door, and shook the dust of John Berry's honest threshold off her feet!

"I know I could write two or three tales and poems a week; and there's no reason why I shouldn't earn a handsome competence in that way."

And Barbara hesitated which periodical she should favor with the first chance of securing her brilliant services.

The office of the "Magnet" turned up winner; and Barbara toiled down a narrow street, and up two or three still narrower flights of preposterously dirty stairs before she stopped at a door with "Magnet Office" painted on its panels.

"Come in!" called out a voice, as Mrs. Berry tapped timidly at the door; and she entered a small room, where a good-looking man sat at a table, literally drifted in by heaps of papers, disjointed manuscripts, and letters.

Barbara, blushing and confused, told her story, and handed over the ribbon-tied roll of manuscript.

"Oh!—ah!" commented the editor, looking over the daintily-written pages with keen, abstracted eye. "Poetry, love-stories—hum! ha! —Much obliged to you, ma'am, but we really have more matter than we can at present use!"

"What would you advise me to do, sir?" asked Barbara, with a sinking heart.

"Honestly now, ma'am," said the restless editor, "I should go home and burn all that pretty writing, and try some other tack!"

Poor Barbara! what a fall was this! One thing was very evident, however,—she never could earn her living by her pen!

"I can embroider beautifully, however," thought Mrs. Berry, as she paused before the windows of a great "Out-fitting" establishment.

The foreman was lounging behind the counter as Mrs. Berry, directed from the front of the store, advanced towards him.

"I should like to get some embroidery to do, sir," said she, timidly. "I have worked a good deal, and——"

"Well," he said, dubiously, "you might take some and try."

"How much do you pay?"

"Fifty cents a day. You come here at seven in the morning, and leave at seven at night—board and lodge yourself of course!"

Barbara opened wide her eyes.

"Fifty cents a day—that is only three dollars a week. I could not get board for that."

"That is none of our business," said the foreman, indifferently, yawning behind his hand.

"I could not undertake to work for such terms."

"Very well—all right!" was the answer.

Barbara's next attempt was at a house, the dwellers in which had advertised that morning for a seamstress. A languid lady in a soiled yellow wrapper received her.

"You are the young person who wants to sew?"

"Yes, madam," said Barbara.

"Of course you can sew neatly? and manage a machine?"

"Yes, madam."

"Can you make children's clothes?"

"I never have tried, madam, but with patterns I have no doubt I shall succeed."

"I should require you to cut and fit my own dresses also."

"I am afraid I could not manage that," said Mrs. Berry. "I never fitted any dresses."

The lady elevated her nose.

"A seamstress! and never fitted dresses! Really, young woman, what wages do you expect to receive?"

Mrs. Berry rose, coloring deeply.

"I perceive, madam, that I shall not meet your requisitions."

"I perceive so, too," said the lady, insolently. "Stephen, show this young woman to the door."

And once again poor Barbara had made a failure!

She had another newspaper scrap in her portemonnaie, however—an advertisement for a governess.

"At least I can teach little children," thought Barbara.

Mrs. Parley was at home—a showily-dressed lady, with short blonde curls and gold spectacles, who sailed into the room like a frigate under full press of canvas.

"Oh! ah! yes. My dear, what can you teach?"

"I am qualified to give instruction on the piano and guitar, in French, German, and all the elements of a solid English education."

"That's well," said Mrs. Parley, nodding her head. "Do you know anything of Latin?"

"I could teach the grammar."

"You see my two eldest boys are preparing for school, and if the governess could help them along a little, it would be so much clear gain."

"How many pupils should I have?" asked Barbara, timidly.

"Well, let me see: there's Fred and Harry in Latin, mathematics, and ancient history; Tom and Willie in the elements; Josephine, Sarah, and Mary Ella, all bright girls, and Susan, Frances, Eloise and Ida, a little younger. Marian is only three—of course, too young to commence her education as yet."

"I should think so," thought Barbara, bewildered.

"Of course, you will devote your whole time to them. I like them to rise early; if you would dress them, it would save the expense of a second nurse-maid, and walk an hour in the Park before breakfast. They have their separate table, and the governess takes her meals with them. I assure you, my dear, you will find all the comforts of a home in the society of my dear little ones."

"What is the salary?" modestly questioned Mrs. Berry.

"Oh! the salary. We have always paid our governess twenty dollars a month."

Twenty dollars a month! What a beggarly stipend! Yet surely it was better to have a home and twenty dollars a month than to embroider for fifty cents a day, and pay one's own expenses.

"I think I will try the situation," said Barbara, faintly.

At the end of the third day, Mrs. Parley sent for the governess.

"Mrs. Berry," she said, stiffly, "my dear little Harry complains that you shook him this morning."

"I did," said Barbara, resolutely, "he was pulling Eloise's hair out, and would not obey my commands to stop."

"I never allow any one to touch my children," said Mrs. Parley, "and least of all Harry. His spirit is too fine to be broken. Please to remember this in future, Mrs. Berry. And Josephine says you are cross with her in the grammar class."

"I may have spoken shortly to her when she would pinch her little sisters, instead of paying attention to her lessons."

"But hereafter you are never to speak to them in any accents but those of love. My children are so sensitive, Mrs. Berry,—perfect human mimosas."

Barbara colored:

"If I am to have no authority over my pupils, Mrs. Parley, I can't undertake to teach them anything."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Parley; "in that case, Mrs. Berry, we must endeavor to find some one that can. I will trouble you no longer. Perhaps you had better go this morning,—my children's tempers must not be corrupted by the example of your evil passions!"

So Barbara Berry lost her situation as governess.

Heart-sick, brain-weary, and toil-worn, the poor creature stood homeless and penniless in the streets. Earning her own living had been a futile attempt heretofore,—should she try farther? And her heart answered, with a great cry:

"Oh, if I could only see John once more!"

Pride was gone; wilfulness was quelled; obstinacy had met a fearful rebuff! Barbara's lesson had done her good.

Ellen O'Toole's holiday was cut short; Mrs. Berry wanted her again. Barbara tore up the note she had left on her husband's dressing-case, and unpacked the trunk.

"What a goose I was," thought Barbara.

She was yet straightening out the ribbons and collars in her drawer, when a heavy footstep sounded on the stair—John's footstep—and the next instant she had darted into his huge, loving arms.

"My dear little Barbee! and how have you got along in my absence?"

She did not answer the question directly, but she told the truth nevertheless.

"Oh! John, John, I am *so* glad to see you!"

"And I've brought you something, too, girlie."

She opened the little morocco case—there, in velvet casing, sparkled a Diamond Cluster Ring.

"John," she faltered, "I did not deserve this."

He laughed.

"And I did not expect to get it for you; but I did an extra stroke of business while I was gone—an unlooked-for piece of good luck—so I turned it into a present for you."

And Barbara, crying and laughing, told her husband all her folly, and how the silly experiment had ended.

"Will you forgive me, John?"

Yes, John *would*; and, like the children in fairy tales, "they lived happy ever after."

## THE OLD UMBRELLA.

### MRS. WOBURN'S STORY.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

One of the pleasantest parlors in New York is Mrs. Woburn's. And she is one of the dearest and pleasantest of old ladies. Thus, you see, there is a double attraction, and that is ever an agreeable circumstance.

Some year's ago Mrs. Woburn's house used to be my home, a place more nearly answering to the *feeling* of home than any the tired denizen of boarding-houses is accustomed to find. I did not see a great deal of Mrs. Woburn when I first entered her house, as in fact I seldom do see much of the keepers of the caravansaries which shelter me.

I did not learn at once, but after a time my consciousness aroused to the fact that Mrs. Woburn was a lady of unusual excellence. Sometimes one lays aside the pen to study character, a lore always gratifying in one way or another; it may be from the goodness of the example presented, or from its oddity.

I was ill, and there is usually scant sympathy in your boarding-house. But I found that a different rule obtained at Mrs. Woburn's, or I was a favorite. At any rate I learned then to prize with both love and gratitude this dear old lady.

I remained there long, so long as that inexorable ruler of the fates of such as I—circumstance—would permit. I need not tell how or why we parted, for it is a matter that concerns or interests ourselves alone. It was not choice that parted us, surely, for I turned sadly from the doors which had opened a home to me, and there were tears on cheeks where the scolding torrent was no unknown visitor. Any woman struggling single-handed with life makes acquaintance perforce with tears.

But this has little to do with Mrs. Woburn's story, which I set out to tell. The history of my life beneath her roof is now of the past, and need not be reproduced here.

Let us speak of Mrs. Woburn's parlor. She has long left the boarding-house and boarding-house life behind. She has not a large house of her own—she neither needs or cares for it. Her home now is in the handsome large house of her son, where she has her own apartments and separate establishment. Clothed in her rich silks and handsome laces, she sits surrounded by the luxuries of wealth, and come forth forever from the toils and struggles of life, in age gathers its well-won harvests. She has an air of *ancien noblesse* about her. Who would credit the tale of toil done by those fair, folded hands? The brow has been wrinkled by the touch of age, who would deem that the corroding fingers of care had been there?

It is a lovely, quiet spot. In her long intercourse with the world Mrs. Woburn has gathered much besides experience. Many a beautiful gift makes her rooms lovely. Respect, veneration, gratitude speak in these. She has scattered kindnesses in her pathway and many a heart calls her blessed.

A thousand things curious and beautiful speak the love true hearts have borne her. From the shores of old-world tropic lands, the handiwork of the strange far nations who have laboriously brought down the still past to set it oddly amidst the bustle of the advancing age, adorns her parlor. Sailors and missionaries, her some-time inmates, have offered her these. Rare shells, and mementoes from the far-off flowery isles of the Pacific, and the mysterious lands it encircles, are among these. Here a gift tells of those lands of eternal ice that lie near the poles; here another speaks of the undimmed, burning suns that light the plains that swelter beneath the tropics.

It is a museum. But home and common life are not forgotten. For here softly folded and wrapped, and shrined beneath its glass case, lies the strangest thing of all—a wonder amidst all the wonders of the collection.

It is not new, nor beautiful, nor of unaccustomed form. It is old, and worn, and faded. It is an article of common use, hardly of luxury. It is a veteran, and has seen hard service. Discharged, it now reposes in peace.

It is surely time that I should give you its name.

An old, once green, defaced silk umbrella, with stout handle and frame, somewhat torn, a little greased; as I told you unbeautiful, it seems strange indeed that it should find a place amidst the articles that ornament Mrs. Woburn's rooms. It is a relic, evidently—a talisman. And this is the story which the dear old lady tells of it:

"The umbrella?—Yes. There are prettier things doubtless, more curious, but not one to which attaches a deeper personal interest. As I look at it there unfolds before me the panorama of the struggling days of my life—its hopes and fears, its cares and toils, its strifes and its successes.

"It was at the darkest period of my life that the idea of that umbrella had its inception. I did not enjoy its reality and use at first, nor for a long time.

"I have told you how poor we were when the boys were young, and how little my husband was able to accomplish for the support of the family. He did not drink, nor smoke. He had no bad habits. He was an unsuccessful man. Nothing that *he* touched turned to gold, and with some men, you know, it is entirely different. I think he had no lofty ambitions. A very little contented him, too little I sometimes thought, as the boys grew up and their wants became numerous.

"As for myself, I was ready to conform to circumstances; but I could not bear to see my boys pinched, and I added my efforts in attempting to increase our scanty store.

"My husband's brothers were successful men. They accumulated property. They added to their resources, they extended their business. They were likely to become rich and influential. And as they advanced, we receded. Ambrose lost hope and courage; and as the expenses of living increased, not all his efforts and mine were sufficient—not to enable us to live as Mark and Joseph did, but to make us comfortable.

"At the time when the state of things to which I refer was at its climax, we were living in a house which belonged to Mark and Joseph, and stood in the rear of the two comfortable houses they occupied and the store where their business was carried on. Ambrose no longer carried on a separate business. The languor and weakness, which his brothers called laziness, but which at last ended in that strange half-paralyzed condition of body, and half-imbecile condition of mind in which his last days were spent, had begun to settle like a pall upon all his efforts. He knew that some dire fate was upon him, but as yet was unable to comprehend it, if indeed he ever did know under what a doom he rested.

"At this period I added all my efforts to his small and feeble ones. Our two boys were already earning boys' small wages, and we had so far contrived to keep the wolf from the door of the small tenement which our brothers allowed us to inhabit free of rent.

"I knew they despised Ambrose, while their wives, already developing into fine ladies in the sunshine of prosperity, did not hesitate to express their disapprobation and disgust. But they sinned without knowledge, and their truly womanly kindness in the coming days eradicated all the bitterness that was born there amidst our darkness.

"But this darkness still existed. Ambrose had earned a few shillings that week, and had spent his time in heavy slumber from which it was difficult to arouse him, or in listless idleness. All the household affairs were upon my shoulders, but beyond them I had spent the time with my needle, and there was a nicely packed parcel of finished garments ready to be returned this Satuday night, for which I expected to receive money enough to carry me safely over the coming week.

"Of course it was necessary to take them down town, but as the day waned the skies opened their floodgates, and quick, drenching showers fell. I watched these unpromising skies in vain. I tried to rouse Ambrose, thinking he might attend to this business, but could not break his heavy slumber. I saw at last that I must go. And then I remembered that I had no umbrella in the house, and I thought it impossible to go without one. I made ready for my journey, and, running quickly across the yard, knocked at the basement door of Joseph's house, and asked the cook to inquire if her mistress would lend me an umbrella. The servant returned presently with a message that her master had taken out the only one they possessed.

"I turned to Mark's house. I had always been treated more superciliously there, and was scarcely surprised, though sorely disappointed, when informed that 'the mistress had only her new silk umbrella, and did not wish to lend that.' I made no answer, but turned away into the pouring rain. My heart was sick, and the drenching that was inevitable had no terrors for me.

As I passed out into the street, I saw Mrs. Mark looking from the window. I think she relented, for her countenance fell, and she beckoned me to pause. But I paid no heed to her. Under certain provocation one becomes careless of all personal comforts and interests, and I strode away through the rain, forgetting that I ought to preserve health and life by all possible means for my children's sake.

"Of course I was thoroughly drenched. For though I rode most of the way, one soon gets wetted in such a rain. But my employers were not like the conventional employers of the stories. They were humane, honorable men, who respected those who served them well. They treated me kindly, made me dry myself by the great hot stove that drove the dampness from the store, and hunted up a somewhat shabby, but whole, umbrella, which they not only bade me carry home, but not take the trouble of returning. So it chanced that I returned to my home in somewhat better plight and spirits than I left it.

"I found Ambrose in the same deep slumber, and I had time to relieve myself of my wet clothing and spread our frugal meal before the boys returned to partake of it.

"It was that night when I told my story of the refusal of the umbrella, that Walter, my youngest, then a boy of eleven, recorded his vow that the moment he was able to earn and save the money for an umbrella, 'mother should have as good an one as could be bought, for her very own, not to be loaned to, or used by any one but herself.' I smiled at this, and remember inquiring if the golden rule was to be forgotten, much to Walter's discomfiture, who first experienced that night, I fancy, the conflict most ardent souls at some period undergo, between duty and principle. And then, for a long time, I think the matter of the umbrella was forgotten among us.

"By and by the hour for retiring came, and Ambrose was to be wakened. The heavy sleep, with its stertorous breathing, continued; and now, when we essayed to wake him, could not be broken. That was a dreadful night, and we feared must be the last for the stricken man; and not for days did we cease to watch for the end whose coming we feared. Ambrose never recovered, though after a time some portion of his olden strength returned, and I was relieved from the closeness of my watch. Sad as the time was it was the beginning of better days for me.

"The brothers were stricken with shame for their unbelief and unkindness. Now that they saw that poor Ambrose was actually incapacitated, and that his family could no longer depend upon him for support, they were ready with help and kind counsel. By their aid, I was soon established in the business by which I pushed my fortunes, comfortably, and provided a home for my poor husband and my little, industrious boys. We were successful from the first and beyond our highest expectations.

"It was hard work, however, and I had many and burdensome cares. Good health and the blessing of God enabled me to sustain them. My boys were the dearest comfort to me, and such a help! When Willie set off on his voyage to South America, I thought I could hardly sustain the parting from him and allow him to leave me, though fortune portrayed for him such flattering prospects. But he went; and Walter was left behind, his mother's sole comfort.

"It was just at this time that the boy entered upon the new employment in which he has been so successful. He was then first able to fulfil the long recorded vow. When the first installment of his salary was paid, he brought me the umbrella so long ago promised. It was perfect as he had promised, and on the handsome, solid handle gleamed the silver plate on which my name was engraved.

"Here it is! the memorial of my struggles and my boy's devotion. For years of my toiling, care-filled life I used it for its legitimate object; and now that I have left all the dark, anxious days behind, and here in Walter's elegant home have settled down to my closing years of ease, I love to look at it and recall event by event, the joy and the bitterness, the sorrows and the compensations of the past.

"Work has not made the bitterness of my lot. The terrible affliction, the long, death-like years that dragged over my poor husband's head were hard to bear,—harder, by far, than the gentle loosing by death of the bands that bound him to earth. That, and Willie's long absence, have been my hardest, most corroding sorrows.

"And now the evening shadows are falling—solemn, but beautiful. Willie and Walter are with me,—my loving children. Ambrose has gone before, but he will know me when we meet on the thither shore, I think. I am happy, and the lights of earth die brightly!"

## WIT AND HUMOR.

A NEW-MARRIED couple in Minnesota having become disgusted with each other, went to the Justice of the Peace who married them and requested him to "undo the thing." This he agreed to do, if the husband would let the wife have the household furniture, cow and pigs. The husband gladly assented to the conditions, whereupon the Justice "unmarried" them, and then went with the woman to a clergyman and was married to her himself.

IN a certain district in France the undertakers have *struck* for a re-adjustment of prices. They get liberally paid for "running" the funerals of the rich, but are inadequately remunerated for their services at the funerals of the poor; and as about thirteen poor people die to one rich person, the undertakers "demand either a re-adjustment of prices, or else that a larger proportion of the wealthy classes shall die!"

AN aged widower—rich but respectable—having married a very young wife, came home one day during the honeymoon, and hearing that his spouse was in the garden playing with some of her former school-mates, ran out to rebuke her for her levity, but was suddenly "set down" by her calling out to him, "Go into the house, you old fool; we don't want *you* in the play!"

AT one of those silly and odious gatherings known as "tin-weddings," which came off lately in Vermont, the festivities were suddenly interrupted by the disappearance of the bride, who had taken that occasion to elope with a young fellow, carrying with her nearly all the "tin" that her husband had saved up during the ten years of his married life."

A "LOVELY GIRL" in Wisconsin recently recovered $1400 damages in a breach-of-promise suit against a perfidious lover. Her lawyer congratulated her on the amount, when she exclaimed, with a ferocious glance at the mulcted defendant, and nervously clenching her fingers, "I'd give every cent of it just to have one good pull at his hair!"

A GENTLEMAN from Nevada being asked by an old lady in relation to the welfare of a favorite scapegrace of a nephew who had gone to that State, was informed that "the young man had died from *early rising*." This puzzled the old lady very much, until, by dint of inquiry, she learned that "early rising" is the Nevada phrase for *hanging*.

A RAGGED little boy being kindly accosted and presented with some candy by a very tall man, looked up at his benefactor and in a tone of sympathy asked, "Doesn't your head feel giddy and dizzy?" "No, my child; why do you ask?" "Because it's way up there so far from the ground!" The gentleman passed on.

Two gentlemen, one named Woodcock, the other Fuller, walking together, happening to see an owl, the last said: "That bird is very much like a Woodcock." "You are very wrong," said the first, "for it's Fuller in the head, Fuller in the eyes, and Fuller all over."

A SMALL man having been dubbed "the little rascal" in the community where he lived, was asked one day in public why he had been so called. "To distinguish me from my neighbors," he at once answered, "who are all *great* rascals."

"PAPA," said a boy, "ought the teacher to flog me for what I did not do?" "Certainly not, my boy," replied the father. "Well," replied the little fellow, "he did it to-day when I did not do any sum."

"JOHN, you seem to gain flesh every day; the grocery business must agree with you. What did you weigh last?" "Well, Simon, I really don't know, but it strikes me it was a pound of sugar."

"I HAVE tried almost everything," said a lean, old miser to a friend, "to make me fatter, but nothing seems to do me any good." "Suppose you try a little meat!" replied the friend.

GENERAL HANCOCK, in speaking of the scalpings perpetrated of late by the Indians of the "far West," remarked that "they were probably collecting their poll-taxes."

A CHAP, who was told by a tract-peddler to "remember Lot's wife," replied that he had been in trouble enough already about other men's wives.

"WORTH makes the man." "Just so: a man is usually valued in exact proportion to what he is worth."

WHEN is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it is wrung for dinner.

## CURRENT ITEMS.

A STORE-KEEPER and his clerk, in Scranton, Penn., recently shut up a little boy, only eight years old, in the coal-vault of the store, over night, on pretence that he had stolen a ball. The child was attacked by rats, in the night, and in his terror forced his way through the coal-hole out upon the side-walk, where he was found by his mother about day-light, she having been hunting for him all night. The child's father compromised the outrage with the store-keeper for $500, instead of leaving him to the due course of the law which he had outraged.

A MAN and woman living in the town of Sorel, Canada East, some time ago confederated together to kill the husband of the latter, preliminary to their own marriage. They succeeded in accomplishing the murder, were found out, convicted, and sentenced to be hung. The sentence was carried out the other day as to the man, and the woman looked on from her cell window, and saw him hanged, knowing that she would soon come to a like fate.

Two little boys, respectively aged five and six years, left Dayton, Ohio, one day lately, armed with bows and arrows, with the avowed determination to proceed to the Rocky Mountains to hunt grizzly bears. They were pursued, caught about three miles west of Dayton, where they had tarried to practice with their weapons on a lot of calves in a barn-yard.

A MAN in Newbern, N. C., recently bought an old army-mattress for a trifle, and on ripping it open found a roll of greenbacks in it. Old army-mattresses were immediately in great demand, and much ripping was done, but no more greenbacks were found, although a good many oaths were "ripped out" by some of the profane operators.

A RESPECTABLE but verdant citizen of Wethersfield, Conn., having invited a "pleasing stranger," whom he met, a few nights ago, on the steamer Elm City, to share his state-room with him, was robbed by the pleasant fellow of $5000 in bank-notes and a portion of his wearing apparel.

A MAN in Minnesota married a young girl, had her life heavily insured, and then "accidentally" shot her with a pistol which he was ostensibly cleaning. He has been indicted for her murder, and no doubt the insurance company will see that he is fairly hanged.

THE Hebrews of Baltimore have adopted the Christian Sunday-school plan, the schools to meet on the Christian instead of the Jewish Sabbath. The three Rabbis of Baltimore are stated to be at the head of the movement.

THE people of Bordeaux, France, are said to be heavily afflicted with caterpillars, which not only infest the streets and yards to an intolerable degree, but also pervade the houses multitudinously and disgustingly.

A MISS LLOYD, who has recently come into possession of an extensive landed estate in Scotland, is accused of having evicted all her tenants, because they allowed their wives and daughters to wear crinoline.

WHILE a clergyman living near Macon, Ill., was clearing out a well on his place, he was precipitated to the bottom by the breaking of a rope on which he was supporting himself, and instantly killed.

As a young man named Milo Smith was adjusting a new saw in a sawmill at Westmore, Vt., the machinery was carelessly started, and he was torn so badly by the saw that his life was despaired of.

Two little boys were poisoned a few days ago in Volumtown, Conn., with drugged liquor; a great excitement followed the discovery of the fact, but nobody was lynched.

A MAN who was acquitted of a charge of murder the other day in Philadelphia, on the ground of insanity, recovered his reason immediately afterwards.

IT is reported that a boy-preacher, only eleven years old, has "appeared" in Wales, who is destined to eclipse all British competitors of whatever age.

SUCH a ravaging flood has been raging along the valley of the Missouri that, since its subsidence, it is difficult to find the river's channel.

THE farmers and stock-raisers of New Hampshire have fifteen millions of dollars invested in horses, cattle, and milch cows.

THERE were 364,298 recorded marriages in the United States last year.

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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No. V.

### RHETORICAL CULTURE.

BY REV. ASA D. SMITH, D.D., PRESIDENT OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

All education may be resolved into two processes, answering to a simple but exhaustive classification of our intellectual powers, as either receptive or communicative. By the culture of the former is meant not merely acquisition in the narrow sense, as of memory; but whatever acuminates and strengthens the mind, as the mathematics and metaphysics. In the culture of the latter, we include all direct preparation for good discourse. By the receptive faculty, we build up ourselves; by the communicative, we give out ourselves. By the former we acquire treasures; by the latter we dispense them. The two forms of culture thus indicated are intimately and vitally correlated—hence we mention them both. Our theme, however, is the training of the communicative nature, or, in ordinary phrase, Rhetorical Culture, embracing, as the term properly does, both composition and utterance.

1. We note, in the first place, its importance. It is important in itself. First, as a source of innocent and even exalted enjoyment. There is a joy, indeed, in the barest receptivity—in simply acquiring whatever is good. But there is a higher gladness in communicating. A universal law is that—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Some of our most exquisite pleasures are found in the simple processes of private conversation; but there is a higher delight—a trance of gladness, sometimes—in skilful and successful public discourse. The joy of power is in it—that which springs from our constitutional love of achievement. Nothing, perhaps, is so akin to divine might—to the mysterious energy by which God moulds a living soul into beauty and nobleness, by which he stills "the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves and the tumult of the people"—as the influence of an eloquent speaker over a sea of upturned faces; calling forth smiles and tears alternately, touching all the susceptibilities of the soul, determining for the time, and perhaps for all time, its moods and purposes. There is a happy re-action, too, of all good utterance. The heart warms as the tongue is loosed, and

"Thoughts disentangle passing o'er the lip."

But rhetorical culture is of still greater consequence as a means of usefulness. It links itself with our social nature, and so with the highest ends of our being. What avail, in this regard, all our acquisitions, unless we know how to communicate them? Learning is but hid treasure; virtue is comparatively a hermit. In two, at least, of the learned professions, the legal and the clerical, the gift of communication is indispensable. The lawyer who fails to make his brief the electric cord between himself and the jury, the minister who graces not the pulpit with "words that burn," as well as "thoughts that breathe," may indeed be useful, but not to the height of an honest and honorable aspiration. As to the clergy, especially, the demand for good speaking is becoming more and more imperative. Men seldom lose their places for lack of knowledge; how often, if the truth were known, for lack of utterance. There may be enough in them, but it comes not out, or it comes out awkwardly and feebly. Nay, to men of every calling—especially in a land like ours, where speech as well as thought is free, and all places are open to all persons; where every man has a voice and a responsibility as to all public matters; where speech as well as thought is exuberant and all powerful; what motives have all men to seek, as they may, rhetorical skill? It is called for in the debating club, in the political assembly, in the district gathering, in the town meeting, at festivals and anniversaries, in the State legislature, in the halls of Congress, in many a place of influence along the opening pathway of the obscurest young man in the land. It is the impression of some—and not altogether a false one, I fear—that our schools and colleges have been somewhat deficient in this regard; and the larger recent provision for rhetorical culture in some of them is welcomed by the wise. Give us learning—the more the better; but give us also "the *tongue* of the learned." Let the power to speak well be prominent in the programme of every student.

2. Effort will be misdirected, however, unless the relation of rhetorical training to what we have termed the receptive culture, is duly regarded. Its relation, in other words, to what are called the more solid attainments. With all the interest in our subject felt by many young men, an interest fostered, as we have suggested, by our democratic institutions, there is often a radical and fatal mistake. The relation just adverted to is overlooked. The notion prevails that eloquence is somehow a thing by itself—an attainment not necessarily connected with any other—a sort of afflatus that comes upon a man with no preparation or effort of his own, save only, perhaps, a sort of spasmodic striving, and a histrionic beating of the air, a pitiless shaking of a poor empty head, and a tearing to tatters of a passion raised one can scarcely imagine how. The original of this picture who has not sometimes seen? I remember a clergyman, who after some not very brilliant years of professional labor, fell, it was said, into a new way of preaching, dispensing with all previous study, and depending upon the words, "coming to him." They did come, perhaps, in greater number than the hearers, the latter being, I had reason to believe, "like angel visits."

Let the young man who would be eloquent remember that there can be no giving out without taking in. In the intellectual economy, banks of emission must be also banks of deposit. "Reading," says my Lord Bacon, "maketh a full man;" and it is only a full man who can be, in the highest sense, an orator. The ever auriferous stream must have its origin among broad, golden placers; else the sands which glitter for a time will become soon as the commonest grains. This need not be proved surely, only emphasized. How can you speak well without having something important to say; and if well once or twice, how well continuously without large resources and constant acquisition? The heavens must rain often, or the fountains will be dry. One of Luther's eight requisites for a good preacher was, "He should make sure of his doctrine;" by which I understand that he should have a doctrine—not empty words only—and that the true one. "Full men" have the greatest orators of ancient and modern times been—such as Demosthenes, Cicero, the elder and the younger Pitt, Canning, Burke, Bossuet, Gladstone, Webster, Choate, Everett. They have laid every realm of knowledge under contribution—especially may this be said of the modern orators. Pearls from every sea, and gems from every mine have adorned their periods. With hands trained and tried, they have laid deep the foundation of their noble structures. No mere flashes of extemporaneous genius have their utterances been; their profiting by the sternest and most protracted mental discipline has been abundantly evident.

There is not a single study, indeed, in the fullest curriculum of the schools, but is conducive to the highest rhetorical excellence. So Mathematics, as it promotes attention, and the power of concentrated, closely concatenated, and comprehensive thought. So the study of language—of the ancient classics particularly—as it trains the mind to careful comparison, to the balancing of probabilities, to the apprehension and appreciation of nice shades of thought; as it improves the taste, and gives skill and facility and copiousness of expression. So natural science, as it disciplines the perceptive faculty, and gives the habit of accurate generalization and classification; as, with its manifold typology, it furnishes the materials for all good illustration and picturesque description. The most popular of living American preachers, as is well known, is largely indebted for the charm of his discourses, to his familiarity with horticultural and agricultural matters—to his ability to speak of "trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall," and "also of beasts and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes." A like use has mental science, as it promotes subtlety of thought, and as it gives intimate knowledge both of the objects the rhetorician works upon and the tools he works with. So of history, which is philosophy teaching, and enabling us to teach, by example. The orator is helped by all these lines of study, either to his material, or to the habits of mind wherewith he may best mould it to his purpose. The very act of recitation, which students often deem of little consequence, is itself, if properly prepared for and performed, a most admirable training for ready and accurate public utterance.

3. We glance next at the methods of rhetorical culture, with room to say but little on a subject which has filled many volumes. Assuming that general study is carried on, a point essential, as we have already hinted, to all continuous success, we remark,

(1.) Be thorough in particular study. In the study, we mean, appropriate to every particular exercise, whether it be composition merely, or public speaking. Men must sometimes speak extemporaneously in the strictest sense—sudden occasions will call for it; and in such exigencies they will be greatly aided by their general attainments. But let not the beginner in oratory adventure thus, when time can be secured for preparation. The veteran speaker may give himself greater license; but even he will do well to deal generally in what the old Puritans called "beaten oil." He will be in danger otherwise of falling into loose and languid discourse. We do but counsel what the most eminent orators of all ages have practised, whether their discourses have been written or unwritten. If the young speaker is naturally fluent, he needs a special caution. There is a "fatal facility," as well in oratory as in poetry, which has done infinite harm. "He might have had a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court," said one, lately, of a lawyer who began with a marvellous readiness of utterance, but had attained no great distinction. He could speak easily on any subject, anywhere,—superficially, of course; and so was tempted to neglect the severe study which would have given him profoundness, condensation, the highest finish, and eminent success. A man slow of speech at first, outstrips often, in the long run, a ready and self-confident competitor. It may be well for the youthful Demosthenes, that he has, for a time, to put pebbles in his mouth.

(2.) Keeping in view the suggestion just made, let one who would excel as a rhetorician seize every fit opportunity to exercise his powers. It is practice that makes perfect in everything, and eminently in oratory. No general or particular acquisitions, no rules will avail without it. Practice gives self-possession, that all important attainment. It reveals and corrects defects; it brings out and strengthens excellencies—it gradually conforms the whole being to the end in view. It was said of the late Senator Foot, of Vermont, one of the best debaters in Congress, that he made himself what he was by a long course of frequent practice in speaking. He never missed a proper occasion for it while in college, and he continued this process of self-discipline after his graduation. It is related of the elder Pitt, that "his power of extemporizing was the result of a severe course of training at Oxford." As the highest excellence in speech is the bright consummate flower of all learning and of all discipline, it is no marvel that we must work for it. It is worth the price demanded.

(3.) Let the manner of utterance receive due attention. Elocution, specifically considered, or what the ancients called pronunciation, has been held in low esteem by some. "Follow nature," say they, "and all will be well. The study of manner will lead to mannerism." True, it may—just as rules of composition, if ill-formed or ill-used, may make one's style artificial. But there need be no such result. Good rules are true to nature. They are simply a synthesis, founded on an analysis, of nature's ways. The sum of all good rules in elocution is, "Be natural;" the aim of all good training, to show us how. That they are needed, especially to correct unnatural ways, who can doubt? How few good readers are there. What uncouth and repulsive modes of speech meet us at the bar, in the pulpit, and in the legislative hall. Even Burke, with all the splendor of his diction, was so ungraceful and tame in his manner, that he was nicknamed "the dinner bell"—the audience often withdrawing to dinner as he rose. "What was the secret of his leaving?" I inquired lately, respecting an able clergyman who had asked a dismission from his people. "It is his heavy and unpleasant manner," was the reply. "One can scarce keep his countenance as he reads a hymn, so singular a tone has he." That faults of elocution can be corrected—such as nasal or exceedingly sharp tones, monotonous utterance, incorrect emphasis or inflection, talking with the teeth closed, awkward positions and angular gestures, experiment has shown. We have seen the most signal changes wrought in such particulars, in a very limited time. And surely, if years are spent in learning to play on the organ or the piano, a few weeks or even months, may be properly given to that most wonderful of all instruments, the human voice. Were it only for the sake of reading well in the domestic or social circle, not to speak of more public efforts, no young man should grudge the pains or expense of a course of study and practice under a competent teacher of elocution.

4. I add a word only on the moral requisites for rhetorical excellence. Not only does character stand back of the utterance, it permeates and modifies it; it glances from the eye, and is blent with the tones of the voice. Under all disguises, it more or less reveals itself. Well might Theremin designate eloquence as "a virtue." It is the proper voice of virtue. In the highest conception, it is the perfect expression of the true, the beautiful, and the good. And though we do not doubt that a measure of excellence in speech has been attained by men of questionable character—the soul leaning in its utterances toward the ideals which the heart repudiates—we still insist that the loftiest eloquence is to be looked for—the broadest, deepest, purest, most potent—only where the heart is in harmony with the source of all light, and the sum of all glory. Our counsel to the young man who would give the highest possible culture to the communicative faculty is, "With all thy getting, get wisdom." Sit at the feet of the Great Teacher, and with all penitence, reverence and docility, learn of Him, who spake as "never man spake."

## HOW THE RAVEN BECAME BLACK.

A LESSON TO TALE-BEARERS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There's a clever classic story,
  Such as poets used to write,
(You may find the tale in Ovid)
  That the Raven once was white.

White as yonder swan a-sailing
  At this moment in the moat,
Till the bird, for misbehavior,
  Lost, one day, his snowy coat.

"Raven-white" was once the saying,
  Till an accident, alack!
Spoiled its meaning, and thereafter
  It was changed to "Raven-black."

Shall I tell you how it happened
  That the change was brought about?
List the story of Coronis,
  And you'll find the secret out.

Young Coronis, fairest maiden
  Of Thessalia's girlish train,
Whom Apollo loved and courted,
  Loved and courted not in vain,

Flirted with another lover
  (So at least the story goes)
And was wont to meet him slyly
  Underneath the blushing rose.

Whereupon the bird of Phœbus,
  Who their meetings chanced to view,
Went in haste unto his master;
  Went and told him all he knew;

Told him how his dear Coronis,
  False and faithless as could be,
Plainly loved another fellow—
  If he doubted, come and see!

Whereupon Apollo, angry
  Thus to find himself betrayed,
With his silver bow-and-arrow
  Went and shot the wretched maid!

Now when he perceived her dying,
  He was stricken to the heart,
And to stop her mortal bleeding,
  Tried his famous healing art!

But in vain; the god of Physic
  Had no antidote; alack!
He who took her off so deftly
  Could n't bring the maiden back!

Angry with himself, Apollo,
  Yet more angry with his bird,
For a moment stood in silence,—
  Impotent to speak a word.

Then he turned upon the Raven,
  "Wanton babbler! see thy fate!
Messenger of mine no longer,
  Go to Hades with thy prate!

"Weary Pluto with thy tattle!
  Hither, monster, come not back;
And—and to match thy disposition—
  Henceforth be thy plumage black!"

MORAL.

When you 're tempted to make mischief,
  It is wisest to refuse;
People are not apt to fancy
  Bearers of unwelcome news.

SECOND MORAL.

Something of the pitch you handle
  On your fingers will remain;
As the Raven's tale of darkness
  Gave the bird a lasting stain!

## BLOODY MARY.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Seventy millions of persons, it is computed, have lost their lives in religious wars since the Christian era; and if to this number we add those who have perished in prison and at the stake for the sake of religion, the number of victims will amount, perhaps, to a hundred millions. All this woe and horror have come from the notion that one man or set of men can have the right to control the opinions of the rest of mankind. To this day, there is only one country in the world where opinion is free, and where a man's religion is fully admitted to be his own individual concern.

Among those who have distinguished themselves as persecutors for religion's sake, Queen Mary of England occupies a bad pre-eminence. During four years of her short reign, two hundred and eighty persons were burned alive because they held religious opinions which differed from hers. It was a woman who committed this enormous cruelty! And so perverting to the mind is religious bigotry that, so far as we know, she suffered no remorse for the commission of such a catalogue of crimes. On the contrary, she probably regarded them as part of her claim to eternal happiness.

This unhappy and misguided woman was the daughter of Henry VIII. and of his first wife, Catherine of Aragon, and was born near London in 1516. The sole survivor of a family of five children, she was from her second year styled the Princess of Wales, and was regarded as the heir to the throne. While she was still little more than an infant, her father began to negotiate with the royal houses of Europe in order to procure her a suitable husband. But about the time when she attained marriageable age, her father repudiated his wife and declared his daughter illegitimate. Her mother, like most Spanish princesses, was a most devout and zealous Catholic, and early imbued her daughter's mind with the dogmas of her faith. After the repudiation of her mother she was separated from her, and never saw her again. When Elizabeth was born, Mary was still living at her father's court; but, resenting the indignity put upon her mother and upon herself, she refused to give Elizabeth the title of princess, and was in consequence banished from the king's palace and consigned to a secluded residence in the country.

News soon came to her in her retreat that the king, her father, had put to death Anne Boleyn, the mother of Elizabeth, and then she humbly solicited the prime minister to procure her the forgiveness and favor of her father. Pardon was promised her on condition that she should sign a document in which her own mother was declared to be a woman "hardened in iniquity," whose marriage was "illegal and incestuous," and her own birth illegitimate. She was required also to acknowledge the king as head of the English Church, and to renounce the supremacy of the Pope. She consented to subscribe to this declaration; upon which the king treated her once more as his daughter, and gave her an establishment suitable to her rank. Thus, as Elizabeth pretended to be a Catholic to secure her own safety, so Mary feigned to be a Protestant to re-establish herself in her father's favor.

During the short reign of her brother, Edward the Sixth, she threw off the mask, and absolutely refused to permit the reformed service to be performed in her house. When the lord chancellor visited her in her mansion at Essex, he solemnly commanded her in the king's name to submit to the religious usages established by the royal authority. Her resolution, however, could not be shaken; for she was well aware of the compassionate and pliant disposition of the young king.

"I will lay down my head upon the block," said she to the chancellor, "and let it be severed from my body, rather than change my manner of worship. If my chaplains will not say the mass, I shall not hear it; they can do in that matter what they think proper; but the new service shall not be performed in my house, for, if it is, it shall be my house no longer."

She continued to hear the mass, and her brother, toward the close of his short life, excluded her from the throne. His sudden death, however, prevented the execution of the excluding act, and after a brief struggle she was seated firmly and peaceably upon the throne of her fathers.

She immediately re-established the ancient worship in all its rigor. The Catholic bishops, whom her brother had removed from office, she restored to their Sees. A Catholic bishop was appointed her prime-minister. The ceremony of her coronation was performed by Catholic bishops and by Catholic rites. She silenced the Protestant clergymen. The Archbishop of York and five other Protestant prelates were thrown into prison.

Charles V. was then the most powerful monarch in Europe, and the great support of the papal power. To him the Queen of England descended so far as to ask his advice upon the best mode of re-establishing the papal power in England, and to ask him to recommend to her a husband who could assist her in this holy work. The crafty emperor proposed his eldest son, Philip, whom the queen immediately accepted. She was then thirty-seven years of age and much worn by sickness and anxiety.

The English parliament, which had not learned to question the will of the sovereign, seconded her in her designs. One of their first acts was to declare the marriage of Henry VIII. with Catherine of Aragon lawful, which implied the illegitimacy of Elizabeth, their future queen. They also passed a law abolishing the reforms of Edward VI., suppressing the new prayer-book, restoring the Catholic sacraments, forbidding the marriage of the priests, reviving the ancient festivals, and giving again to the pope the power of nominating bishops. The mass was immediately performed in all the churches of England, and all the work of reformation appeared to be undone by a single blow. These sudden and violent changes, together with the prospect of seeing a Spanish Catholic the husband of the queen, produced a formidable insurrection, which, however, was speedily suppressed and sixty of the ring-leaders were hanged.

As the time approached for the arrival in England of Prince Philip, this old maid of thirty-eight manifested a ludicrous impatience; nor was her ardor diminished by the fact that the moody and ungracious Prince had not condescended to write a letter to the lady whose dowery was a kingdom. She was in mortal terror lest the young Prince should conceive an aversion for her person. He reached England at length, and the marriage was celebrated with the usual pomp. She proved to be an anxious and exacting wife; he, a cold and haughty husband. "The shortest absence of Philip," says the historian, Hume, "was torture to her; and, when he said an obliging word to another woman, she could not conceal her jealousy and resentment." Soon after her marriage, believing that she was about to present England with an heir to the throne, she ordered public prayers to be said in the churches; but it was not an heir to the throne that was coming, but a dropsy which was soon to terminate her own existence. Philip soon tired of his ancient spouse, and found pretexts to absent himself from the kingdom.

Not content with the complete restoration of the ancient religion, she desired now to invade the domain of the individual conscience, and was determined that no Protestant should live in England. Urged on by her Prime Minister, Gardiner, she established a reign of terror; the prisons were filled, and the faggot blazed in every county. Latimer and Ridley were two of her illustrious victims.

"Never mind, brother," said Latimer to Ridley, at the stake, "we shall kindle to-day a fire in England which, please God, shall never be extinguished."

A system of spying and informing was set on foot, and it was criminal not to denounce a Protestant. It was ordained that whoever should have in his possession a Protestant book, and not burn it before reading it, or should show it to another person, should be executed as a rebel. Commissioners were appointed to prosecute every person who did not attend the Mass, or walk in the religious processions, or use the holy water. Magistrates were required to put to the torture those who would not confess their "heresy."

During this infamous reign the foreign policy of England was conducted wholly in the interest of Philip; for that prince continued to sway the mind of the queen when absent as he had when present. To please him she declared war against France, and sent an army of seven thousand Englishmen into Flanders; which resulted in England's losing Calais, after having held it for two centuries. Mary, it appears, had still enough in her of an English queen to feel deeply the loss of that city, for she said upon her dying bed:

"If you open me when I am dead, you will find the word Calais deeply engraven on my heart."

She sent a new army into Flanders and a new fleet upon the coasts of France, but gained neither honor nor emolument from the outlay.

Fortunately for England and mankind, she reigned but six years. Her dropsy was aggravated by the extreme dejection which the absence of her husband and the failure of her arms caused her. The consciousness, also, that she was hated by her subjects, and the fear that her sister Elizabeth would re-establish Protestantism in England, added to the bitterness of her last days. For four months her strength decreased day by day, and she died in her forty-second year, lamented by no man whose grief could do her honor.

History presents us with few women who were so entirely detestable as Mary; for she seems to have possessed the worst qualities of her father and the worst qualities of her own sex. The name of "Bloody Mary," by which she is commonly known, marks the place which she holds in the esteem of posterity. Even the Catholic historian of England, Lingard, characterizes her persecution of the Protestants as "atrocious and infamous." "To destroy," says he, "in the flames so many innocent persons for opinion's sake was an enormity the contemplation of which must strike with horror the most prejudiced minds." Hume speaks of her thus:

"This princess had few qualities either amiable or estimable, and her person was suited to her character. She was enthusiastic, superstitious, violent, cruel, malign, vindictive, despotic; all her inclinations and all her actions have the imprint of a bad disposition. In the midst of her vices we can scarcely find a virtue if it is not sincerity."

There are those who think that the world gets worse the longer it lasts. To be delivered from an opinion like this, it is only necessary to get a real knowledge of past ages—not such a knowledge as is derived from reading "historical novels," but the exact information which may be gained from a faithful study of history. Think how far we are from the possibility of burning a "heretic" in front of the New York City Hall!

### "YEARS OF DISCRETION."

The law assumes that on reaching his twenty-first year a man is capable of self-government, and, therefore, makes him, to use the words of Byron—

"Lord of himself—a fearful heritage!"

The Poet is right. Self-lordship is a fearful heritage to thousands. It proved so to him. His "years of discretion" did not begin with his majority; indeed, they never began at all. The truth is, that two-thirds of us claiming to be men and women are nothing better than overgrown children. Perhaps the best that can be said of the "Lords of Creation" is, that they have just sense enough to make penal laws. All codes, however, are an abject confession, on the part of the makers, of the moral blindness of the human species. God help society if we were permitted to treat one another as we treat ourselves. It would be all the better for many of us, perchance, if we were compelled to behave to ourselves as considerately as the law, under penalty of exemplary punishment, obliges us to behave to our neighbors. We stickle for freedom in our personal habits; yet there are tens of thousands of middle-aged babies among us who seem to require coercion quite as much—nay, more—than they did in their school-boy days. If a man or gang of men should forcibly pour alcohol down the throat of a fellow-creature until death ensued, or should poison him with nicotine or cram him with rich food "against the stomach of his sense," until he died of plethora, the bar and the bench would denounce the proceeding as a crime, and a jury would convict the party or parties implicated. Yet people may deliberately destroy *themselves* in these and many other ways without being interfered with by the law. It would trench upon the personal rights of the citizen, we are told, to restrain him from killing himself by inches with alcohol and oil of tobacco. But has any man a right to commit self-murder? The Almighty says—*no.* He has "fixed *his* canon 'gainst self-slaughter." Is it not a good deed, a lawful deed, a deed pleasant in the eyes of the Father of All, to prevent suicide? Christianity says *yes.* If this is logic, and we think it is, all arguments against the right of society to enact such satutes as will effectually curb the self-destructive habits of its reckless members, fall to the ground.

### "WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?"

Scores of pressing invitations from the pastoral mountain and marine districts roundabout, directed to whom it may concern in these parts, are paraded daily in the business columns of the newspapers. We have never before seen so many of them in print at one time. It is evident that the country is more than usually anxious to have the pleasure of the city's company this summer, and the probability is that its friendly overtures will be extensively accepted. It may be said of our mercantile community, generally, that they have little or nothing to keep them at home. Business, save in a few exceptional branches, is as dull as any "architect of ruin" could desire, and it is just as easy for people to live on the income of their debts in "a pleasant farm-house" as in a city mansion—in [illegible] ful, however, whether the fashionable spas and bathing places will have a plethora of guests. The financial slaughter in Wall street during the last few months has been appalling, and the failures in general business have been frequent and heavy, although, by common consent of the mercantile community, but little has been said about them. Under these circumstances, the prospects of Saratoga and Newport are far from hopeful. Farm-houses in the interior and quiet establishments by the sea side will this year receive multitudes of New Yorkers who have heretofore been crowded into the grand caravansaries at the "fashionable summer resorts."

### Mr. Bonner in Reply to a Libeller.

*To the Editors of the Commercial Advertiser:*

A day or two ago, you published a paragraph concerning an attack made on the *Ledger* by a reputed clergyman named McChesney, who resides at Saratoga. This man probably desires a little cheap notoriety; and I write merely to say that he shall be gratified, as soon as I obtain certain details which I am now seeking. It is my intention to make an example of him—not a defence of the *Ledger*. The character of the *Ledger* is too well-known, and I have too many eminent contributors among the prominent divines, the great statesmen, the Professors and Presidents of our leading Colleges, and other distinguished scholars and literary men, for me to make any defence against the assaults of one eccentric creature who happens to have a place in the pulpit. The only preacher, previous to this notoriety-seeking genius, who has of late reflected unjustly upon the *Ledger* is a Rev. Mr. Pressly, of Pittsburgh, Penn.; but he has been suspended by his Presbytery, and his wife has commenced proceedings for a divorce! It will thus be seen that while the great and good clergymen write for the *Ledger*, and co-operate with us in making a paper at once popular and useful, the insignificant ones—the lesser lights, and the questionable few, seek a little notoriety (and gain odium) by carping at it. ROBERT BONNER.

[From the Meriden (Conn.) Visitor.]

Good for a Laugh.—If our readers would enjoy a hearty laugh let them read Beecher's description of "Deacon" Marble and Aunt Polly, in the sixth chapter of his story now being published in "The New York Ledger." It is what we call a dose for the "blues," and is a capital hit at a New-England character often found in other places beside "Norwood." It will do you good to read that chapter if you don't any other. It's rich, rare and racy. This is not a puff for "The Ledger," but a puff for a good thing.

[From the Schenectady Daily Union.]

Mr. Beecher's novel will constitute a marked epoch in the literary world. Moral education can be disseminated through the attractions of an interesting story to a class of people that could be reached in no other way. Thus millions are added to the congregation of the eloquent Pastor of Plymouth Church, who will now preach morals through this novel to those who could thus have been instructed in no other way.

[From the Pittsburgh Daily Commercial.]

Henry Ward Beecher's "Ledger" Story.—For charm of style, eloquence of diction, shrewd observation of nature, for glowing appreciation of the intelligent and good, and for long-suffering charity toward the coarse and evil, we may be sure that we shall not find his superior among all the fiction-writers of our time.

[From the Hartford Times.]

The second installment of Henry Ward Beecher's story is decidedly a brilliant exhibition of his power, which shows to no less advantage in a novel than it does on the platform. His irrepressible "fun," too, bubbles up and overflows; and it does one good to read him.

[From the Philadelphia Daily Inquirer.]

The New York *Ledger* has many excellences to recommend it to the reading public, among them a series of papers giving advice to young men, by the Presidents of twelve of the principal Colleges.

[From the Rochester Post.]

Henry Ward Beecher's Novel.—This venture is eliciting high encomiums from the press, and is likely to add greatly to the wonderful reputation of its brilliant author.

### THE GOLDEN RULE.

BY DR. CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

Are there many, do you think,
In this world's capricious school,
Who, to common chance and change
Such as mark Life's daily range,
Rightly fit the Golden Rule:—
"See ye unto others do,
That ye would they did to you?"

Say that I am weak of will;
You a conscious strength display;
If I fall, you sneer and shrink:
Aye! but did you pause, and think:—
"If *his* need were *mine*, to-day?"
"See ye unto others do,
That ye would they did to you!"

Churl am I, and you high born;
If I rise, and call you mate,
You your haughty hand withhold:
Aye! but bide the Rule of Gold!—
"If there were a change of state?"
"See ye unto others do,
That ye would they did to you!"

You have power, and I no jot;
If I be not supple-kneed,
You must break what will not bend:
Aye! but power hath change and end:—
"If *you* were the stubborn reed?"
"See ye unto others do,
That ye would they did to you!"

Still, through all the scheme of Life
Is this golden Rune of Truth
Read awry: "it is," we say,
"Far two hard for human clay"—
"Scribes and Pharisees," forsooth!—
"See ye unto others do,
What ye would they did to you!"

## WINNING HER WAY.

**By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,**

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER LVIII.

GENERAL LYON'S CONSOLATION.

In this dim world of clouding cares
We rarely know till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies
The angels with us unawares! MASSEY.

After the last guests were gone, the house was very quiet.

General Lyon went up to his study.

Drusilla lingered a little while below to give orders to the servants.

"Close up all the rooms on this floor now. Disturb nothing until morning. I wish everything to be kept very still so that the General may rest and recover from the fatigue of this exciting day. Marcy, have the tea served in my sitting room. Leo, do you be up early in the morning and see that the breakfast parlor—the little one—is made very tidy before we come down. The other rooms had best be left closed until the General goes for his daily ride. Then they can be restored to order."

Having thus given her directions to ensure the comfort of the old gentleman, Drusilla went up into the nursery where her little Leonard was laughing, crowing and screaming in his nurse's arms.

"I do think as he's beside himself, ma'am," said Pina. "He'll never get over this wedding as long as he lives. When I had him out in the lawn there, and the band was playing and the ladies and gentlemen were dancing, he jumped so as I could hardly keep him from leaping out of my arms."

"He did enjoy it as much as any of us, didn't he, Pina?" said the young mother, standing and smiling over the nurse and child.

"Oh, didn't he though, ma'am? Look at him now! It's in [illegible]. And [illegible] a time I had bringing him in the house. He did not want to come in at all, even after the music went away. He didn't cry, ma'am, but he made such signs, and then he fought. Yes, indeed he did, ma'am, he fought me in the face because I brought him in."

"Why, Pina, I can hardly believe it!"

"But, you may, ma'am! Oh, he's got a will of his own, I do tell you! I couldn't make my peace with him until I had lighted all the wax candles in the place! See what an illumination there is, ma'am! Enough to blind any body but a boy baby. And such work to get him undressed. He wouldn't have his finery off for ever so long. He wanted to dance in it. And then, after I had loosened it and got it off little by little with sheer conjuration, would you believe it, ma'am? he wanted to dance in his sacred skin, like a North-American Indian! I have got his night gown on at last; though *how* I ever got it on with his prancing and dancing, goodness knows. But, as for his little red shoes, I'll defy mortial man or woman to get *them* off his feet except by main force! When I try to do it he kicks so fast you would think there were nineteen pair of feet in nineteen pair of boots instead of one!"

"Lenny will let his mamma take off his boots," said Drusilla, kneeling by the baby's feet and making an essay.

Lenny would let his mamma do a great many things to him, but he would by no means let her remove his red shoes. His little legs flew so fast in resistance that you could not have told one from the other.

"He means never to part with them, ma'am," laughed Pina.

"We can take them off when he goes to sleep," smiled Drusilla.

"But there's no sleep in his eyes, ma'am, nor won't be for hours! He'll keep awake to watch his boots and to dance! Goodness gracious me! My arms are almost pulled out of their sockets holding him while he dances."

"I will take him presently, Pina, as soon as I change my dress," said Drusilla.

And she went and took off her wreath of roses, her necklace and bracelets of pearl, and her rich moire antique dress; and she put on a plain neat white muslin wrapper, whose pure color and perfect fit became her well.

Then she took her dancing babe; but not to put him to sleep just yet. Little Master Leonard had a duty to do before he could be put to bed. She carried him into the next room, which was her own pretty private parlor.

The room was very inviting. A small, cheerful wood fire, very acceptable this chilly May evening, was blazing on the hearth.

The tea-table with its snowy, damask cloth, its silver service and clear China, was standing before the fire place.

A large easy chair, with a foot cushion was drawn up on the right side; and Drusilla's own little sewing chair was on the left.

Marcy was in attendance.

"This is all quite right. Now do you wait here until I bring the General in, and then you can serve tea," said Drusilla, as with her baby in her arms she passed out into the hall and on towards General Lyon's study.

She opened the door.

The little room was dark and chill, but the lights from the hall shone in, and revealed to her the form of the old man, seated at the writing table, with his arms folded on it, and his head bowed down upon them. It was an attitude of deep depression, of sleep or of death.

Of death! a dread pang seized her heart, and held her spell-bound in the doorway as she gazed on him. He had not heard her approach. He was not disturbed by the inflow of light. He remained, indeed, as still as death!

She was afraid to stir, almost to breathe! She had heard of old men dying just so! Oh, had not his own brother, his *younger* brother, died that way not three years since?—died sitting in his chair by his Christmas fire, surrounded by his whole family and friends? died with nothing on earth to provoke death? died from no excitement, no grief, no disease apparently?

And here was the elder brother, a man of like constitution, who had been severely tried this day by the parting from his beloved and only surviving child, and now had come away to this chill, dark room, and had sat in solitude for an hour or more!

Drusilla's conscience smote her terribly for what she called the false and fatal delicacy that had prevented her from following him immediately to his retreat.

Oh! if he should be dead, dead alone in this bleak room, she would never forgive herself, though she had done all for the best.

All these thoughts and feelings flashed like lightning through her brain and heart in the moment that she stood panic-stricken in the door.

Then full of awe, scarcely breathing, she crept near him, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and murmured softly:

"Uncle."

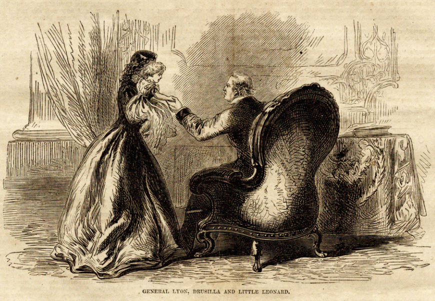
"My darling," responded the old man, looking up, with a smile.

"Thank Heaven!" fervently aspirated Drusilla. "What is the matter, my darling? What troubles you?" gently questioned the old gentleman, perceiving her alarm.

"I—I found you sitting here in the cold and dark, and I feared that something ailed you. Nothing does?"

"Nothing, my child, except a little natural but unwise regret. Certainly, she had to marry. It is a woman's destiny. And it is so well that in marrying she will not have to leave me. Still, still I feel it, darling. She was all I had left in the world."

"She will be back in three weeks, dear Uncle; back so soon that we shall scarcely have time to get the house set in order again for her reception. And now will you look at little Lenny? He has come to bid you good-night, and to ask you to come and take tea with his mamma," said Drusilla, seating the boy on the old man's knee.



GENERAL LYON, DRUSILLA AND LITTLE LEONARD.

By no manner of baby-babble could little Leonard possibly bid his godfather good-night, or invite him to tea; but he *would* put his little arms around the veteran's neck, and press his lips to the veteran's mouth, and laugh, and own his love and joy.

"Ah! may heaven forgive me for being so forgetful, so ungrateful as to say that I had no one but my Anna left me in the world, when I have little Lenny and his dear mother," said the old man, pressing the child to his bosom, and drawing Drusilla to his side. But oh! my dear, you know how it is—how it always has been, and always will be with poor human nature in all such cases. The shepherd of the scripture parable. He thought not of his ninety and nine sheep, safe in the fold, but he mourned for the one lost."

"But Anna is not lost to you, dear uncle. She is only lost to sight, and that only for a little while. Think, dear uncle, in the marriage of Anna and Dick you have not lost a daughter, but gained a son."

"That is true, my dear."

"Think how devoted they are to you. They are as loyal to you as subjects to a sovereign."

"I know—I know."

"They will never leave you unless you send them away."

"I know; I see what a morbid old fellow I have been."

"No, no, not so, I think. Surely it is very natural that you should have such feelings; but it is also very desirable that you should rally from them."

"And I will, my dear, I will."

Little Leonard, fatigued by his former exertions, and perhaps also a little awed by the solemnity of the discourse, had remained still for at least three minutes. But now he recommenced to prance and dance and express his impatience in every possible way that a baby of six months old could.

"You are almost too much for my stiff old arms, little fellow!" smiled the General, as he supported the leaping baby.

"Come, let us go to my room and have some tea," said Drusilla, rising and leading the way, followed by the old man with the child over his shoulder.

"This is snug, this is cozy, this is really very comfortable indeed," said the General, as he followed Drusilla into the pretty, cheerful sitting-room and saw the bright fire and the neat tea-table.

"Yes, this is pleasant after our day of excitement. Now kiss little Leonard good-night and let him go to sleep," said Drusilla, as she rang her little silver hand-bell.

Pina came in to take little Leonard, who leaped to meet her arms, for he was very fond of her.

General Lyon pressed the babe to his bosom and kissed him fondly, and then handed him over to his nurse, who bore him off to the nursery.

Then Marcy came in with the tea urn.

Drusilla made tea for the old gentleman.

The sound of Pina's rocking-chair and cradle-song came soothingly to their ears, as to the child's for which they were intended.

"This is very sweet and peaceful, dear, and I thank you for it all," said the General, softly smiling.

"No, but, dear uncle, it is all your own; and it is I who should thank you for the happiness of sharing it," quietly replied Drusilla.

"No, no, no," said the General, shaking his head.

"Yes, yes, yes," laughed the little lady.

They lingered long over that quiet, pleasant tea; and then, after she had rang for a servant, and had the table cleared, she went to the piano and sang and played to the old gentleman for an hour or more.

She sang all her favorite comic songs, but carefully eschewed the sentimental ones; for she wished to raise his spirits and not to melt his heart. Towards the last of her singing he came and stood behind her; and although he did not know enough of the notes to turn the pages for her at the proper moment, he stood and beat time to the music and sometimes joined in the chorus.

At last, when she thought he had had enough of it, she arose and closed the piano.

Then, after an interval of a few minutes, she took her Bible and laid it on the table before him.

He bowed his head, opened it and read a chapter aloud. And then they two joined in offering up their evening worship.

"Well, my darling," said General Lyon, as he arose to bid her good-night, "I have to thank you for much comfort. This first evening that I dreaded so much has passed off very pleasantly. God bless you, my child." And so he withdrew from the room.

Drusilla sat on for a little while gazing dreamily into the fire, and then she also retired to rest, drawing her sleeping infant to her bosom.

Very early the next morning Drusilla arose, dressed and went down stairs, to make sure that one room at least of all that had been thrown into confusion by the wedding should now be in order for the General's breakfast.

She found that Leo had followed her directions, and the small breakfast parlor, that occupied an angle of the house and had windows opening to the east and south, was prepared for the morning meal.

And the doors of all the disordered rooms were closed.

She went out and gathered a bouquet of early spring flowers and put them in a vase and placed them on the breakfast table.

And then she plucked a few young buds of mint and made an exquisite julep, and sent it up by Leo to her uncle's room.

Jacob, who had been sent at sunrise to the post-office, now returned. And Drusilla opened the mail-bag, which was found to contain nothing but newspapers, which she folded and laid by the side of her uncle's plate.

And then she sat down to await his coming.

He came at last, smiling on her as he entered, and took his seat at the table.

"You are the angel of the house, my child," he said—"the angel of the house! What should I do now but for you!"

"Dear uncle, what should *I* do without *you*? What should I have done that dreadful night but for your sustaining arm? All my puny efforts to serve you can never cancel that debt. I shall never forget that night," earnestly answered Drusilla.

"I shall never forget that night, Drusilla, for it was then I received—'an angel unawares.'"

She could not reply to these words, but blushed so intensely that the old man forbore farther praise, and merely saying:

"But it does not become you and me to compliment one another, my darling." He took up his newspaper.

Upon the whole, this was a very cheerful breakfast. When it was over, the old gentleman ordered his horse, and went for his daily ride.

Drusilla took advantage of his absence to set all the servants briskly to work to open the closed rooms, and clear away the debris of yesterday's great festival, so that by the time he should return the whole house should be restored to order.

The abundant remains of the feast were distributed to the poor around.

Moreover, she sent a note to the Seymours' asking them to come and spend the evening. And the messenger that carried it brought back their acceptance of the invitation.

Drusilla and her uncle dined tete-a-tete.

In the evening the Seymours came according to agreement; and Drusilla gave them music. They staid till ten o'clock, and then took leave.

"No wonder that old comrade of mine should go mad over your music, my darling. I am not a music-maniac myself, generally, but I am always profoundly affected by yours," said the General, when they were gone.

Again Drusilla blushed deeply under the praise, but then recovering herself with a light laugh, she answered:

"Why, you see, uncle, I think this is the way of it. You and the Colonel inspire me. Such appreciating hearers as yourself and your friend must necessarily inspire even the very poorest performer to do her very best."

"Tut, tut, tut, my child; you know better! But, there, I will say no more on that subject! Good-night, my darling," he said.

And so closed the first dreaded day of Anna's absence. And all the succeeding days were quite as pleasant.

Drusilla would not let her old friend be lonesome. She planned visits for him and herself to his favorite houses; and she invited his favorite friends to dinner or to tea. She often accompanied the old man on his morning rides, her gentle white mare ambling by the side of his steady old horse. She often invited him to take a seat in the open carriage when she went out in the afternoon to give her little boy an airing.

And she played and sang indefatigably to please Colonel Seymour, so that he might come over every evening, "rain or shine," to keep her uncle company.

Anna's and Dick's letters came two or three in a week. They were not very long, for they were written *en route*; but they were interesting and affectionate. They were filled with graphic sketches of their journey, and with warm expressions of tenderness for the "dear ones at home," and messages of kind regard to good friends around. The bride and groom were moving rapidly from point to point along the Canadian frontier, so that in answering them the General and his niece had to direct their letters a few stages in advance of the travellers. As, for instance, the answer of a letter post-marked Lewisburg, would be directed to Montreal.

Thus, through one happy divertissement or another, but chiefly through Drusilla's affectionate solicitude, the "days of absence" slipped imperceptibly away; they had now brought the close of the last week of the honeymoon. The travellers were expected home on Saturday evening, and the house was in perfect order and beauty to receive the wedded pair.

### CHAPTER LIX.

A JOYOUS MEETING IN JUNE.

June with its roses, June
The gladdest month in the capricious year,
With its thick foliage and its sunlight clear,
And with a drowsy tune,
Of the bright, leaping waters as they pass
Laughingly on amid the springing grass.
W. H. BURLEIGH.

Anna and Dick returned rather sooner than they were expected; but not sooner than old Lyon Hall was ready, and its inmates anxious to receive them.

On Saturday morning, while General Lyon, Drusilla, and little Leonard with his nurse, were all out on the lawn enjoying the splendor of the early June day, before breakfast, the wagon from the Foaming Tankard was seen approaching the house.

"What can that mean?" inquired the old gentleman, looking at it, as it rumbled on towards the house.

"Perhaps Anna and Dick, to disencumber themselves, have sent the luggage on in advance," suggested Drusilla.

"But, as they are to come down by to-day's boat, that would scarcely be worth while," reflected the old gentleman.

While they were discussing the question, the wagon, instead of going round to the servants' entrance as it would have done had it contained only luggage, rattled up to the front of the house.

And the instant it stopped, Anna jumped out, and ran to her grandfather, who caught her in his arms.

"My darling daughter,—my darling, darling daughter, I am so delighted to see you," he exclaimed over and over again, as he pressed her to his heart, while she answered him only with smiles and kisses, and both forgot that anybody else was waiting to be noticed.

Meanwhile, Dick was shaking hands with Drusilla, and chirping to little Leonard, and pulling rattles and whistles and dancing jacks out of his pocket, and in his eagerness doing everything at the same time.

"Let me look in your face, dear child," said the old man, taking the bride's head between his hands, and gazing wistfully into her tearful but laughing eyes; "are you happy, my Anna?"

"Yes, dear grandpa," said Anna, earnestly, as her eyes overflowed.

"Quite happy?" anxiously persisted the veteran.

"Well—no," answered Anna, laughing, and making a face, "perfect bliss is not the boon of mortals, I believe. And, to tell the truth, I have a *corn* that troubles me, to say nothing of the slightest possible twinge of neuralgia caught on the boat last night—moon-gazing."

"Oh, you came down on the night boat?"

"Yes; our first plan was to stop in the city last night, but we remembered our pleasant trip on the water by moonlight when we left here four weeks ago, and as the moon was full, we thought we would come down again by moonlight, and then, too, we thought it would be so much pleasanter to reach home this morning, in time to breakfast with you, and have the whole day before us for reunion, than to get here late to-night, too tired to walk or do anything else but get supper and go to bed. Don't you agree with me that it was best to come home now,—just now?"

"Yes, my darling, that I do," answered the General, heartily; "but I am sorry you have got neuralgia."

Anna looked at him, quizzically.

"I am not quite sure that I have got it, or ever had it; but I am quite certain about the corn. Now, aint you going to speak to Dick?"

"Dick! Certainly; how do you do, my dear boy? A hundred welcomes home!" exclaimed the General, releasing Anna from his embrace, and turning to greet the "unlucky dog."

Dick was then in the act of tossing his godson high in his arms, until he made him laugh and crow aloud, and then looking him solemnly in the face, and saying:

"I am your godfather, sir. Treat me with more respect, and don't be taking me for your equals!"

Now he turned his bright face, and held out his eager hand to receive his uncle's clasp, saying:

"I am very glad to get home, sir, and gladder still to see you."

Anna had gone to embrace Drusilla.

"How happy I am to see you again!" she said.

"And I you," answered Drusa, smiling.

"How well you are looking, dear!" exclaimed each to the other, speaking simultaneously.

"And now, Dick, give me little Leonard; I want to look at him! Remember, sir, if you *are* his godfather, I am his godmother, and have my rights. Don't be trying to exercise man's usurped prerogative by 'claiming the child,'" said Anna, holding out her hands for the boy.

"I shall never attempt to assert man's prerogative against woman's rights," laughed Dick, placing the child in her arms, and then going to pay and dismiss the wagon, which was now unloaded of all the luggage it had brought, and was ready to go.

"Bless my soul! Anna, my dear, how came you to return by such a very rude and primitive conveyance as that?" inquired the General, as the great old wagon rattled and rumbled past on its way back.

"Couldn't get any other, dear grand-pa! The 'Foaming Tankard' don't boast a carriage of any description except this."

"If I had only known, I could have sent the coach to meet you. I should have sent it anyway this afternoon."

"But you wouldn't have had me to wait till the afternoon for it, dear grand-pa?" laughed Anna.

"Oh, no, no, no! by no means! Only, if I had but known, I could have so easily sent it. Such a conveyance for a lady to come in!" exclaimed the old gentleman, as he gazed after the retreating wagon that rather jumped and bounced along than rolled.

"It was delightful! It was better than a hard trotting-horse! I like to be tossed as much as Master Leonard himself does! It has given me such a shaking up and such an appetite for breakfast as I never had before! I am famished, grand-pa!"

"Oh, exactly! exactly! so you must be! Drusa! Drusa, my dear!" exclaimed the old gentleman, looking around for his young volunteer housekeeper.

But Drusilla had already vanished within to give her orders.

"And now, dear grand-pa, I will go to my room to change my dress. I presume it is ready for me, and I know where to find it. Dick, see that the luggage is sent up," said Anna, turning to go in the house.

But she was met at the door by all the household servants, who had learned her arrival from Drusilla and had come out to welcome her.

Hands were shaken and good-wishes heartily offered and warmly received, and then Anna passed on to her apartment.

In less than half an hour she hurried down stairs, looking fresh and blooming in her white muslin dress with blue ribbons.

The family were waiting for her in the breakfast room, and as soon as she entered she was greeted again and seated in the pleasantest seat at the table.

All the windows were open, and all the brightness, beauty, fragrance, and music of June filled the place. The morning sunshine played upon every polished point; the fresh breeze danced with every fold of drapery; the aroma of the clove pink, the cape jessamine, the tea rose, the clematis, and the heliotrope perfumed the air. Humming-birds flitted about like winged flowers. And the song of the thrush in the sweet-briar bush was echoed by the mocking-bird from the acacia tree!

"What a beautiful morning! And what a beautiful scene! In all our travels, grand-pa, we did not see so sweet an old home as this!" said Anna, enthusiastically.

"I am glad you think so, my dear; but great allowance must be made for your natural attachment to your birth-place," smiled the General, as he sipped his coffee.

"Now, Drusilla, what do you say?" inquired Anna, appealing to her friend.

"I have not seen very much of the world to compare this with other places; but still, I think you are right, Anna. It is a 'sweet old home.' It is perfectly beautiful, and besides it seems to me that every one who was ever born here, or ever lived and died here, must have been very good and loving, and that their spirits still pervade the place, and make it holy," said Drusilla, warmly.

"My dear, you will make me so much in love with my home that I shall not like to grow old and die and leave it," said the General, smiling.

"Dear uncle, please to believe that there is not the slightest necessity for you to grow old, much less die before your century is completed. And if you do so, I shall think that you will be treating your loving children very badly," said Drusilla.

"My dear!"

"Yes, I *do*. I think the deaths of most people who die, come of their indifference to the power that the Lord has given them of living on. Now, I think that you have the power to live on in the full possession of all your faculties to the age of one hundred years at the very least, and how much longer I don't know. And I shall take it very hard of you, if you don't do it, uncle."

"Hem; I shall try to oblige you my dear," said the General, dryly.

"I hope you will! for you know I expect you to live to see your namesake, Leonard Lyon, junior, a bishop, a judge or a general, (which ever he shall please to be, for it will depend upon his choice of a profession,) or even President of the United States. The highest position is open to competition and you cannot tell what he may be yet; you must live to see."

"Do you intend to live your century out, Drusilla?"

"If it please Providence, yes; for I shall try to preserve the gift of life he has given me. And when I shall be a hundred years old, my little Leonard will be eighty-four, and a wigged chief-justice, or a mitred archbishop or something equally exalted. And I should not wonder if you should be alive and merry then."

"Oh, tut, tut, tut! you are laughing at me, little Drusa!"

"Heaven forbid! People enough have lived to be a hundred and forty. Henry Jenkins lived to be a hundred and sixty-nine, and even then he did not die from old age, or from disease, but from sheer imprudence, I might say accident, such as would have killed any man at any age."

"My dear niece, that case was a highly exceptional one."

"Well, and why shouldn't you make your own case a highly exceptional one?"

"My dear, you are extravagant."

"Well, maybe I am, in talking about a hundred and sixty-nine years; but I do positively insist upon your living a full century. That is only fair."

"My darling, our prayers should be not so much for a *long* life as for a *good* life."

"I stand corrected," said Drusilla, reverently; "but for all that I insist upon the century; for I think it was the Lord's design that man should live so long."

"Let me live as long as my life can be of use to others and no longer," said the veteran.

"Your life is of use to others as long as it gives happiness to others, and therefore I *insist* upon the century," persisted Drusilla.

"Well, my dear, I have no particular objection," laughed the General, as they all arose from the table.

Then came the healthful walk around the grounds, the General with his darling granddaughter hanging on his arm, and Dick and Drusilla, and the nurse with the baby, sauntering along promiscuously.

During this walk Anna gave her grandfather a very sprightly and entertaining description of her journey; and in return he told her how he and Drusilla had passed their time at home.

Dick amused Drusilla with spirited sketches of travel.

When the windings of their walk brought them around home again, Dick proposed a drive through the forest to Hammond House to see the progress of the works there that must, he thought, be now near their completion.

And as all assented to the proposition, the General ordered the large six-seated family carriage; and the whole party, including little Leonard and his nurse, started for a long drive through the summer woods to Hammond House.

It was but twelve o'clock noon when they reached the house—an old mansion standing upon a high headland at the junction of Wild River with the Upper Potomac.

The woods grew up to the very garden wall and clustered thick about it.

There were mountain brooks in the neighborhood, running down to the Wild River and swelling its stream before it fell into the Potomac.

The trout fisheries there were considered very fine in their season. And it was a part of the family programme for coming years to spend the fishing season at Hammond.

It was now the beginning of the trout fishing season, and so the General and Dick, having seen Drusilla and Anna safely in the house, procured fishing tackle from Byles, the overseer, and went down to one of the bright, gravelly-bedded streams to fish.

Anna and Drusilla, with the babe and the nurse, were taken by Mrs. Byles to a clean and airy bedroom, where they laid off their bonnets and sat down to rest.

The house was not yet in order; nor could it be said to be in disorder—the papering, painting, glazing and gilding were all completed; but the handsome new furniture remained in its packing cases, and encumbered halls and passages.

Overseer Byles and his wife occupied rooms in a wing of the building during the progress of the repairs; but they were to move to a neighboring cottage as soon as the house should be ready to receive the family.

Our party spent a very pleasant day at Hammond House.

Drusilla and Anna, with the baby and the nurse, wandered about the grounds and along the banks of the river until they were tired, and then they sat down under the trees to rest and to talk.

About two o'clock General Lyon and Dick returned from the trout stream well laden with spoil.

They gave the fish to Mrs. Byles, with a request that she would have them dressed for their dinner, and have the table set out in the open air between three broad oak trees where the shade was thickest.

At four o'clock they were called to dinner—a sylvan repast served *al fresco*.

There were trout, roast lamb with mint sauce, and green peas, potatoes and lettuce, and for dessert cherries, strawberries and ice-cream. That was all.

"But if I had known in time that you were coming, ladies and gentlemen, I would have got up something more acceptible," said the housekeeper, apologetically.

"I defy you to have done that, Mrs. Byles. Your dinner is excellent," replied the General. And all the other members of the party agreed with him, and proved their sincerity upon the edibles set before them.

Immediately after dinner they were served with excellent coffee and tea.

Then the General ordered the carriage for their return home.

After another pleasant ride through the forest, they reached Old Lyon Hall at sunset.

"We have had a delightful day at your other home, Dick," said the General, heartily.

"*Our* other home, sir, if you please; for if Anna and myself are to be at home at Old Lyon Hall during one period of the year, you and Drusilla must be at home at Hammond House during another part," said Dick.

"And when you wish to spend a winter in Washington you must all be at home with me at Cedarwood," added Drusilla.

"Agreed! agreed!" said General Lyon, Anna and Dick in a breath.

After tea that evening they were pleasantly surprised by a visit from the Seymours.

It seems the old gentleman had got news of Anna's arrival and had come over with his wife and daughter, ostensibly to welcome home the bride and bridegroom; but really too glad of a good excuse to hear Drusilla sing and play.

They spent a long evening; and Drusilla gratified her old admirer with some very choice music, in which she was ably assisted by Anna and Dick—Anna singing second and Dick bass.

Early in the next week Mr. and Mrs. Hammond issued cards for a reception on the following Monday. And when the appointed day came they received their "dear five hundred friends" and had a crowded house with the coming and going of visitors from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon.

And this reception was the signal for a round of entertainments given to the newly married pair.

The first of a series was a ball at Colonel Seymour's, which was duly honored by all the family from Old Lyon Hall, including Drusilla, of course.

Then there was an evening party with music, but not dancing, at the Reverend Dr. Barbar's.

Even the struggling medical practitioner at Saulsburg gave a tea-drinking.

And these neighborhood festivities in honor of the bride were kept up in good old-fashioned country style for a month or six weeks.

On the first of July, Hammond House being quite ready for occupation, the whole family from Old Lyon Hall went there to spend a few weeks that the General might indulge in his favorite pastime of trout-fishing.

Here they remained until the first of September, when the near neighborhood of fresh water streams being considered unwholesome, they returned to Old Lyon Hall.

"And now," said Drusilla, when they were once more settled, "now it is my turn. Our next migration must be to Cedarwood."

"Are you so anxious to leave the 'sweet old home?'" inquired General Lyon, a little reproachfully.

"Oh, no indeed. Only when we do go, we must go to Cedarwood."

"Agreed," said the General, "we will go there next winter."

And so the matter was settled; for though all his young people were grown up and married, yet the word of the veteran soldier was law in the family circle.

During all this time Drusilla had not heard from Alexander or even expected to hear from him. She did not grieve after him. In the "sweet old home," in the love of her dear friends and in the caresses of her darling boy, she was almost as happy as it is given a mortal to be. But though she did not mourn over his absence, neither did she lose her interest in his welfare. She took the principal London and Paris papers upon the bare possibility of gaining intelligence of his movements.

Once she found his name in the list of visitors presented to the Queen at one of her Majesty's drawing-rooms, published in the "Court Journal."

On another occasion she saw him announced as one of the speakers at a public meeting at Exeter Hall, noticed in the "Morning Chronicle."

Again, he was named as the owner of the winning horse at certain world-renowned races, reported in "Bell's Life."

That was all she knew about him.

Every week Drusilla received misspelled letters from her steward or housekeeper at Cedarwood.

"Mammy" chiefly discoursed of cows and calves, hens and chickens, and ducks and geese.

Mammy's "old man" treated of the condition of the "craps," the health of the "hosses," oxen, sheep, pigs, and so forth.

And Drusilla having been a pupil of that famous agriculturist, the late Mrs. Judge Lyon, was well able to give instructions to her farm-managers.

Thus, busily and happily passed the days of the little lady, until events occurred again to change the current of her life.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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## ONLY SIXTEEN.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

As far back as I can remember and till I was sixteen, papa and I lived together at Thorneycroft, we two, alone except for the servants, and very rarely seeing company of any sort. I know now that papa was what the world calls a queer man, eccentric, misanthropic, and the like. But then I only knew that he loved me better than he did anything else in the world, and that he seemed to live in and for me alone. Never was child more petted and idolized, never one whose every whim was so freely humored as mine. It is true that my tastes and desires were very simple, because of the isolation in which I had always lived. Having no society but that of papa and my governess, and my pets, which were numerous, I knew of that world which lay beyond Thorneycroft as others know of foreign lands. Sometimes I thought I should see it, but I had no present craving to do so.

Thorneycroft was a beautiful place, nearly shut in by rugged mountains on three sides and looking down a vernal slope to the sea on the fourth, but a miracle of fertile loveliness in itself, and surrounded by such an atmosphere of love and beauty, it is not singular that I never repined.

Mrs. Bailey, my governess, was a staid, dignified lady, past thirty when she first came to Thorneycroft, in my early childhood, and remaining there from that time till she died. She was a thoroughly accomplished woman in every sense of the word, and spared no effort to make me so. My father being a man of accomplishments and letters, between them I was at no lack for instruction.

The first break in this simply pleasant life of mine was the death of my governess, whom I mourned as any child at her first great grief. Mrs. Bailey had stood to me almost in the place of a mother. Next to my father I loved her, and I missed her for another reason. There was a facility and flexibility in my nature that made me like to lean upon her strength, as I did habitually. If Mrs. Bailey's system with regard to me was frailty in any respect, it was in this way—she did not develop my own strength or teach me to think enough for myself.

Her successor was a young woman—one selected by my father because of her youth, for he wished at this time to secure for me a companion nearest my own age, and he thought he had reason to trust in Miss Churchill as a fit associate in every way for his idolized child.

Miss Churchill was not beautiful in the common acceptation of that word, but she was the most fascinating woman I ever met, and she must have exercised that very fascination upon my father, to have so blinded him as to her true nature. From the hour of her arrival at Thorneycroft, a vague restlessness and discontent took the place of my former satisfaction in my simple pleasures. I began to think with longing of that beautiful world of which she gave me such glowing descriptions—to wonder if my shape were fine, my face lovely, my eyes lustrous, etc.

My mirror told me a flattering tale. I could not help, even in my sudden discontent with myself, feeling exultingly conscious of my own beauty, and Miss Churchill did not lessen my vanity in this respect. On the contrary, she increased it by her constant praises of my complexion, my form, my hair, my eyes.

My father perceived the change in me, with sorrow; but far from attributing it to the right cause, thought it was but a change incident to womanhood, and an indication that I was ceasing to be the child, and growing the woman; and he made to me one day a communication, that but for the change he had observed in me he would probably have delayed some time longer. It was to the effect, that from the hour of my birth I had been promised in marriage to one Hugh Payson, the son of an old friend, and that I might expect soon to see my future husband at Thorneycroft.

The sensations with which I received this piece of information I can scarcely describe. They were mingled, but the pleasurable certainly did not predominate. I beheld myself cut off by this proposed union from the life of gayety and conquest I had hoped one day to lead. I saw all those fine suitors who were to have thronged my steps and done homage to my loveliness, decapitated at one stroke; I beheld myself *immured*, as I called it now, at Thorneycroft and Hugh Payson installed as my keeper.

I ran to Miss Churchill with the news, which she received in apparent surprise, though from what I learned afterwards she must have known it a long time. She sympathized very agreeably in my displeasure, and heightened it by every expedient at her command, so that what had before been mere childish vexation became an animosity as childish, perhaps, but more obstinate.

Alas, had Hugh Payson but come to Thorneycroft then, as proposed, all might still have been well, for my dear father, mistaken though he might have been in some respects, had only my happiness at heart in any arrangement he made for me, and would never have forced me into a marriage that was distasteful to me, after becoming really satisfied that it was so.

His own marriage with my mother had been a very unhappy one, and he thought to secure for me by this arrangement the happiness which had escaped him. His few absences from home had been to inquire into the life of Hugh Payson, that he might be sure of his desert; and that he believed him deserving the love of his only child, and worthy to become her protector, was far in his favor.

Hugh Payson was indeed cast in so noble a mould, and was in himself so attractive a person, that had I been left to myself, or had he come to Thorneycroft at the time first proposed, backed by my father's approval, and protected by the same from Miss Churchill's machinating influence, I should doubtless have become his happy and beloved wife, in time to receive my father's blessing.

But the death of his only surviving relative detained him from Thorneycroft, and this news had scarcely reached us when my dear father, who had always enjoyed a remarkable degree of health, after a brief but violent illness, died so suddenly as to give me no preparation for the shock, which was so great that for many weeks I lay lost to my surroundings in brain fever.

Even then, as I became slowly convalescent, if Hugh Payson had come to me, I should from deference to the wishes of the dead, if for no other reason, have withheld any sign of opposition to the carrying out of my father's plans concerning us.

But still he did not come, out of respect to my grief, and by the time that long deferred visit was made, Miss Churchill had resumed her sway of my thoughts, and I met him in a spirit that I wonder did not shock him out of all regard for me.

By my father's will, Hugh Payson was appointed my guardian until such time as we should marry, and he expressly intimated a desire that our union should take place at an early day.

When informed by a servant that Hugh Payson awaited me in the drawing room, I fell into such a passion of weeping and lamentation at my hard fate, that it was with the utmost difficulty Miss Churchill could prevail upon me to go down at all.

"I shall tell him I hate him the first thing," I said, wildly. "I cannot help it."

"Tell him anything you like, my sweet child," Miss Churchill said, insinuatingly. "It is better always to tell the truth, however unpalatable it may be, or what the occasion."

Fortified by her approval, and really instigated, I sprung up hastily, and without bathing my swollen and red eyes, or smoothing my tumbled curls, I ran down to the drawing-room.

A tall and exceedingly handsome gentleman came eagerly forward to greet me, meeting me more than half way, and extending both hands so cordially that I could not help putting my own within them.

Looking up after an embarrassed pause, I met a pair of deep, dark eyes bent upon me with an expression at once compassionate and scorching. They held my glance as it were magnetically a moment, and then, pulling my hands away abruptly, I covered my face with them, sobbing again hysterically.

He was far too keen a judge to ascribe my passionate weeping entirely to grief at my late bereavement, nor, as the reader knows, was my emotion due to that cause in any great degree, though I was reminded painfully of that dear father whose wish it had been to see me Hugh Payson's wife.

Mr. Payson stood a moment attentively regarding me, then he said, in a grave, kind way:

"Miss Katy, what is the matter?"

No answer. It was not so easy as I had imagined, to say to this handsome, stately gentleman, "I hate you," and I sobbed on, saying nothing.

"Are you crying for joy at seeing me?" he questioned, so quietly that I did not detect the faint irony in his tone, and gasped between my choking sobs:

"N-n-o-o, s-i-r."

"Is it then in sorrow at my coming?"

No answer.

"Have I any connection whatever with your tears?"

I stole a glance at him from between my fringes. He was trying to repress a smile! All the hot blood of my nature surged to my face.

"Yes, sir," I said, angrily; "you, and you alone, are the cause of my tears. I don't love you one bit, and I won't be your wife, not if you take all papa's money away from me to make me."

This last idea I had got from Miss Churchill, and it was as unfounded as it was foolish.

His face flushed, but he smiled still; and, taking my hand, attempted to lead me to a seat. But I resisted him, saying, with petulant firmness:

"You may laugh at me if you like, but you will find I am in earnest."

His manner became grave again at once.

"Did I laugh? It was at the idea of your loving or not loving me on so short an acquaintance, I can assure you, Miss Katy, that I do not love you either. It would be singular if I did, after such an expression of your dislike for me. But I suppose we must endure each other's presence a few weeks, until I can look over your father's papers, and settle his affairs a little. Is it a bargain, Miss Katy? Will you try to be resigned if I will?"

He spoke with perfect gravity. I could not detect the shadow of smiling, either about the firm set lips, or the dark, bright eyes. His manner was not repellent either, or I should never have been able to say as I did, innocently (remember how young I was, only sixteen):

"But if you don't like me any better than I do you, sir, I don't think you ought to take papa's money from me, because I won't marry you!"

His face flushed again, and his lips twitched a little as he replied:

"I don't know about that, Miss Katy; money is money, you know. I'll think about it, and let you know before I leave."

He released my hand, which he had all the time been holding, and crossed the room, with a perfectly-at-home air. I stood a moment in embarrassed hesitation, conscious that something devolved upon me as his hostess, but not really knowing what it was, and just then Miss Churchill opened the door and came in.

Brief as had been the interval since I left her, she had had time to make an exquisite evening toilet, and came forward so gracefully, self-possessed and lady-like, such a contrast to me in my careless attire and disordered hair, that for the first time I quite envied her.

"My dear Katy," she began, remindingly, glancing at me from Mr. Payson.

Blushing and stammering painfully, I made out to inform Mr. Payson and Miss Churchill of each other's names, and with inaudible excuses, I quitted the room for my own chamber, where I lay sobbing with a very faint idea of what it was all about, till the tea bell rang. I did not go down then, and when Miss Churchill came up after me, I still refused to go, and she was obliged to return without me.

They did not seem to miss me much; all the evening I caught the murmur of their voices through the open doors, and occasionally the low music of Miss Churchill's laugh tinkled along the halls to my ear.

Papa had been dead six months, and in all the long loneliness since I had not longed for the comfort of his presence as I did then.

I made myself as miserable as I well could, in the succeeding days I hid from Miss Churchill and avoided Mr. Payson and the drawing-room peasistently, till he insisted upon seeing me, and declared that if his presence banished me from any precinct longer, he would go away at once, and leave poor papa's business matters to settle themselves.

I had got an idea that the business was in a very complicated state, (it was not, by any means) and I promised to conduct myself in future as though there were no Hugh Payson in existence, certainly at Thorneycroft. Miss Churchill looked surprised; and I even fancied slightly displeased, when I made my appearance at tea time; but she made no remark then. She and Mr. Payson seemed to have become great friends. They chatted constantly during tea time, and were both very gay. They had the conversation pretty much to themselves. I said little, and that in reply to a direct address. When we went into the drawing-room, it was very much the same. Mr. Payson and Miss Churchill seemed to like each other as well as Mr. Payson and I did *not*; and I began to doubt what Miss Churchill and my mirror had told me. Miss Churchill was certainly far more beautiful than I, and I glanced furtively into the pier glass opposite which I sat. I saw a childish little figure draped in black, a very woe-begone and white face, and a pair of startlingly large eyes. I turned away displeased. What a brilliant complexion Miss Churchill had, and what a tall, fine figure, and how well she talked. If Mr. Payson did not like me before he saw her, (and you know he had said he did not) how insignificant I must look to him in contrast to her.

I watched them from the corner I had chosen and refused to leave. They were a fine couple, I thought. Perhaps they would fall in love with each other, and marry, and let me live with them. Singularly enough, this fancy did not please me, and I tried to think of something else.

Lights were presently brought in, and skrinking from their glare to a shadowy recess upon a deep old fashioned sofa, I sat listening to the murmuring tones of my companions, till I fell asleep.

I waked with a start as the clock struck twelve. Where was I—and who was that rocking slowly to and fro beside me? Could it be Mr. Payson?

"Where is Miss Churchill?" I exclaimed, springing up and looking about me.

"She left the drawing room precisely two hours ago," was Mr. Payson's cool reply.

"Why didn't she wake me?"

"I imagine she did not know you were here. *I* did not discover you until some time after she left."

My look said, "Why didn't you wake me then?" and he answered it:

"You were sleeping so sweetly I had not the heart to rouse you, and sat down here both to keep you from being frightened when you waked, and to see if I could discover what it was in your face, that impressed me so unpleasantly, the first time we met."

Indeed! My face impressed people unpleasantly, did it? Tears sprung to my eyes. Pride alone, kept me from sobbing outright. I rose to leave the room. He stopped me, as I was passing him. His hand touched mine, and shook it gently. "Good night," he said, "and pleasant dreams." "Good night," I said, reluctantly, and left him, both resentful and pained.

Mr. Payson's mornings were usually passed in the library. I never knew what he did there, but supposed it was the "business." His afternoons Miss Churchill and I shared. We went boating, rambling, or we read at home—that is, they did. I was a sort of silent partner in their gayeties, and far from becoming happier at the increasing prospect of being released from Mr. Payson's claims upon me, through Miss Churchill, I grew daily more miserable.

Miss Churchill made no secret when we were alone, of her interest in Mr. Payson, and his devotion to her. She talked of it constantly, and congratulated me and herself on my indifference to him. I did not know why they should, but such congratulations made me very unhappy, and when she told me one day that he had nearly asked her to marry him, I did not wait to hear her hesitations, as to how she had better answer him, but ran away into the garden, and hid myself behind some lilac bushes, for a cry.

In the midst, some one came from the arbor opposite. I knew the step, before I heard the voice saying sternly:

"Miss Katy, I insist upon knowing what is the matter."

Instead of answering, I arose with my face from him to go somewhere else. But in his usual cool authoritative way, he stopped me.

"Much as you and I dislike each other," he said, "we are compelled to sustain the relation of ward and guardian. As your guardian, I insist upon knowing what is the matter."

"I never told papa what was the matter when I cried, unless I chose to do so, and I——" I stopped; somehow I could not finish the sentence. I was going to say something very rude, but I did not.

"Silly child," he said, putting an arm round me, and drawing me to him. "Shall I tell you what is the matter?"

I was too scared to struggle. He had a way of reading my thoughts that frightened me. I waited his next words in the utmost trepidation.

"You are crying, because you do not want me to go away from Thorneycroft. You wish I had never come, do you not?" He kissed me first on one cheek, and then on the other. "I am going, Katy. These are my good-bye kisses. Remember me to Miss Churchill, will you?" But he did not lose his clasp of me.

"Has Miss Churchill refused you, sir?" I asked, bluntly.

He laughed, "She hasn't had the chance."

"Oh, sir, but she told me ——" I began.

"That I had asked her to marry me? And that *is* what you were crying about? Confess, child."

I was taken by surprise, and hung down my head.

"Now then, Katy, I am going to make a confession. I have loved you all the time."

I looked up hastily, to see if he was in earnest, but dropped my face again, burning with blushes, as I stammered:

"What made you talk to Miss Churchill all the time, then?"

"You wouldn't let me talk to you. Besides, I suspected that Miss Churchill was influencing you against me, and I wanted to show her to you in her true colors. Don't you love me a *little*, Katy?"

I was crying again, but I managed to whisper something that satisfied him, for presently he led me back to the house, and meeting Miss Churchill, with a look of startled inquiry in her eyes, he said, quietly:

"She has consented to be my wife, Miss Churchill."

Miss Churchill did not faint, though her face whitened. She even congratulated us after a fashion. But she found it convenient to leave Thorneycroft in a few days, and I, who can scarce realize now how foolish I was in those days, having seen that wonderful world, prefer my dear husband to it with all my heart.

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### A Highland Widow.

At his death, the laird of———, in Argyleshire, left a beautiful young widow, of course inconsolable for his loss. After the burial and banquet, clansmen and clanswomen, attended by the piper and fiddler, convened for a dance in the castle hall, resolving to mitigate their grief with the highland fling, when unexpectedly the widow herself came in, all weeds and tears, with the tip of her nose scarcely peeping from her crape cap, and she seated herself mournfully on a bench. The gentleman who was to lead down the dance thought that he could not in good breeding ask any other lady than the mistress of the house to stand up with him, and with a deep sigh, she consented. He then asked the disconsolate woman to name the spring, *i. e.* the tune she would wish to be played. "Oh!" she said, "let it be a light spring, for I have a heavy heart."

### CENTRAL PARK.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

When I visit our beautiful Central Park,
With the bright promenaders, glad and gay,
I think of the innocent, sweet remark
I heard from the lips of a child one day.
He gazed around on the lovely place,
Then turned his eyes to his mother's face,
And whispered softly in her ear,
"Is this God's garden, mother dear?"

I thought, as his blue eyes beamed with light,
While watching the swans on the glassy lake,
How blessed to have one spot so bright
With earth's best gifts, *for the children's sake!*
For the little ones from the city streets,
Who never may know the golden sweets
That bud and blossom in country nooks
Except what they read in their story-books!

The rich and learned, too, are there,
And grand equipages come and go;
The drives are gay with the charming fair,—
There is room enough for the high and low!
Room enough in the Ramble wild
For the millionaire and the little child,
For the toil-worn mother and reigning belle,
Room enough in each grassy dell!

Strong, healthy lungs for the city breath,
That rises and falls like the heaving tide,
Will wither and crush the seeds of death
And scatter life-blossoms far and wide;
Will drive the pestilence from our shores
And bring sweet comfort about our doors,
Blessing all ages and ranks forsooth—
Making a "Garden of God" in truth!

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## THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XIX.

On the following morning, while at breakfast with her father, Inez received from her Aunt a note summoning her to Newport, and with tremulous surprise she read the contents:

"Since I am informed that you have been at Oakland two days this week, I presume that you have recovered sufficiently to visit me here. It is necessary that you shall do so without delay, as I have that to say to you which is important to both of us.

"Treachery I scarcely looked for from *you*, Inez, though I have experienced little else from your father's hands from the day we first met.

"Return with Dick, for I am ill, and wish to see you on business that cannot be delayed.

"EUNICE HAWKS."

Lopez made an imperious gesture for the missive to be given to him, and asked:

"What can the old girl have to say that makes you change color so, Inez?"

He glanced over the lines, his lips curling sardonically at the reference to himself, and he shrugged his shoulders as he went on:

"I wonder if she has an inkling of what took you to Oakland. But even if she has, that does not give her a right to accuse you of treachery. As to what I have been guilty of in that line where Eunice is concerned, I am sure it would puzzle her to tell. Get ready at once, my dear, and go to this unreasonable old woman, and try to bring her to her right senses. She is only seeking an excuse for acting badly toward you, and your own conduct must not afford her one."

Though Inez was indignant at being summoned like a criminal to answer for her actions before her aunt, she thought it best to go, and see what was wrong; so she prepared for the visit, and was soon on her way to Newport.

She endeavored to arrange in her own mind what she should say of her visit to Oakland that would [illegible] the real [illegible] she had in view in going there; for she knew that Mrs. Hawks would never forgive any attempt on her part to recover a will the very existence of which she had strenuously denied.

But all her pre-arranged plans were set at naught by the first words of the old lady. She found her lying on a sofa, pale, and panting, with a letter clutched in her hands which she threw at her niece as soon as she was fairly in the room, and screamed:

"Read that, you ingrate, and tell me how you dared to go to *my* house on such an errand as took you there! Books, indeed! That wretched old hypocrite pretended he wanted them only to get an opportunity to rob me of papers that I alone have a right to, if they were to be found at Oakland. What do you say to what that letter tells me, you unprincipled girl?"

In a tremor of dread and expectation, Inez lifted the crumpled sheet from the floor, and smoothed it out while Mrs. Perkins spoke to her mistress in a tone of remonstrance:

"I entreat that you won't be so violent, ma'am. If Miss Inez has done anything you disapprove, she only obeyed her father, and you ought not to hold her responsible."

"Hold your tongue, and get out of my sight. I am not going to be ruled by you, or by *her* either, and I will yet prove more than a match for you both," was the furious response.

"But, ma'am," you will bring on another of them spells, and of late your spasms have got to be frightful."

"Yes—and you only wish that I may die in one of them without making my will; but I sha'n't do it. I have sent for my lawyer, and he will be here in an hour. I shall make it this day, and do what I please with my money. Leave me with Inez; I don't want you putting in your officious tongue every moment while we are talking together."

Mrs. Perkins made a dignified obeisance, and retired to the small dressing closet in which she slept, taking care however, to leave the door ajar to enable her to overhear all that passed in the chamber of her mistress.

In the meantime, Inez read the following lines, evidently written in a disguised hand, and sent without a signature:

NEWPORT, August 22, 18—.

MADAM:—It becomes my painful duty to warn you of underhand doings among those who are most nearly connected with you.

In the library at Oakland is a secret receptacle in which valuable papers were concealed. By some means Mr. Lopez must have become aware of this, for he has sent his daughter on a visit to the place under the pretext of getting books for him. She was in that room *alone* for several hours, and she slept in the chamber which opens from it.

I warn you that she removed from a niche in the wall a deed that is of the greatest importance to you; it must be recovered at all hazards, for your own interests are deeply concerned in it.

Question Miss Lopez, and see if she will dare deny what I have here stated.

Respectfully yours, INCOGNITO.

Inez read these lines over twice, and then folded the paper, and placed it on the table beside her aunt, undecided what defence to make. Finding that she did not speak, Mrs. Hawks angrily cried out:

"I read guilt in your face. You cannot deny that you have committed this shameful robbery, for it is nothing less."

"It would not have been *that*, Aunt Eunice, even if I had taken the deed to which this anonymous paper refers; but I did not do it. I declare to you that I brought nothing from Oakland except the books you said my father might have. I have always spoken the truth to you, and I do not think you should doubt my word now, because this unknown correspondent has seen fit to accuse me of such an action as that."

"But I do believe what he says. Your father has more than once insisted that some trumpery writing was in existence somewhere, that would take from me the right to dispose of my fortune as I please. But I intend to show both him and you that I will do it in spite of your contemptible efforts to circumvent me. You have ruined yourself, Inez Lopez, by this last move you have made, for I'll give you a bare pittance. I'll not leave you to starve, because you are the child of my sister, but more than a living *you* shall never derive from your grandfather's estate."

"Very well, Aunt Eunice; I can have nothing to say to that. Of course you are at liberty to do as you choose with what you possess. I am not mercenary enough to do anything wrong to secure succession to the property that has been so long in my mother's family, and I assure you again that I brought from Oakland nothing, except the books you gave papa permission to send for."

"Because you found nothing there then. Answer me truly, Inez; were you not sent there by your father on a tour of discovery? Had you not learned by some means the existence of the hiding place spoken of in that letter? Did you not find and examine it, in the hope that papers belonging to *me* would be found there?"

Thus questioned, Inez would no longer prevaricate. She knew that with her Aunt silence would condemn her as surely as the truth, so she determined to speak it, let the consequences be what they might.

She lifted her eyes to the fierce and angry face that confronted her, and calmly said:

"You cannot blame my father for desiring to recover the will he has every reason to believe was made by my grandfather, which secures to me at least a fair portion of his fortune. He learned in a singular manner that a secret receptacle exists in the library at Oakland, in which it was concealed, and he *did* send me thither to search for it. I found the place he described, but it was empty. Some one had visited it before me, and removed whatever had been placed there."

Mrs. Hawks listened to this explanation in a state of excitement that was frightful to witness. She gasped and struggled for breath, and at length lay back so pallid and exhausted, that Inez expected every moment to see her seized with one of her most fearful spasms.

She hastened to bathe her face, and to administer reviving drops, and after a long interval of suspense, the angry woman revived, and regained the power of speech.

"By doing this thing, Inez Lopez, you have sealed your own ruin. I will never forgive you for it—never! I cannot tell if you are speaking the whole truth; but you are a Catholic, and you will not dare to swear to a falsehood on the holy cross I see hanging from your neck. Kneel down here beside me—press it to your lips and swear to me that you found nothing in that recess at Oakland. Do this, or I shall cut you off with a penny. You may starve for all I shall care, after this shameful and underhand proceeding on your part."

Inez took the plain gold cross she always wore suspended from a black ribbon around her throat, and pressing it reverently to her lips, took the oath required of her. Then, rising from the kneeling position she had assumed, with simple dignity, she said:

"I have done this, Aunt Eunice, to quiet your agitation, for you are exciting yourself more than is good for you. My father may have been wrong in sending me on such an errand, but he did not think so; nor can I blame him when I remember all that he thinks at stake for his only child. You will get over your anger now that you feel assured that nothing resulted from the search I confess to having made."

Mrs. Hawks regarded her with cold and angry eyes.

"You speak as if this is a trifle—as if I could find it possible to forgive it; but I shall not. What led your father to entertain such suspicions? How did he learn the existence of a place of deposit I never heard hinted at before?"

Inez changed color, and after a pause, reluctantly replied:

"My father dreamed of it, Aunt Eunice. He insists that my mother came to him, warned him of the existence of the recess, and what was concealed in it. I put no faith in his vision, and I deferred going to Oakland as long as possible; but when I found the cavity in the wall which he had so minutely described, I was compelled to believe that through some supernatural means he had been actually warned of its existence."

Mrs. Hawks raised herself on her elbow with dilated eyes and parted lips. She faltered:

"What is that you tell me? Insie—Insie came to your father, and warned him of what neither she nor I ever knew. It is incredible. Mr. Lopez must have been aware, in other days, that such a hiding place existed. He could never have learned about it in that way. It is impossible."

"He declares that he never heard of it till the vision came to him. My mother told him that she derived the information from my grandfather, and she bade him send me to seek for what would restore to me what has been so long unjustly withheld from me."

The last words had scarcely passed the lips of the speaker before she was aware of their imprudence. Mrs. Hawks furiously repeated:

"*Unjustly!* How dare you use such a word in connexion with me? Your mother was disinherited because she stabbed the old man to the heart by her unfilial conduct. He never meant that any portion of his wealth should descend to her child, and I shall take good care that his wishes in that respect are not thwarted. I shall no longer defer making my will, and you may tell your father that his own want of principle is the cause of your being disinherited. I shall leave you enough to live on respectably, but no more; and after what has just happened, I think myself very generous to do even that for you."

Inez bent her head, but she had no reply to make, and Mrs. Hawks sharply went on:

"You have no thanks for small favors, I suppose. But why should I expect them from a girl who was so anxious to grasp my whole estate, as to do what you have lately done? Till now, I have hesitated as to the justice of giving my fortune to one who is a comparative stranger to me, but I shall do so no longer. I have sent for my lawyer, and before this day is over I shall make such a disposition of my property as will effectually cut you off from its enjoyment. An annuity for your life shall be secured to you, but nothing more. That is all I have to say, and you may repeat it to your father as soon as you choose. You can call Perkins now."

"Aunt Eunice, I cannot carry such a message as that to my poor father, for it would kill him. There is no need of telling him of your intentions. He may not live to know that I have been cut off by you for a stranger. He is dying, Aunt. He cannot last much longer, I fear; and—and—oh! Aunt Eunice, have you no pity for me?—none for that broken-down man, who will never be able to outlive the certainty that his child has lost your favor through his offence? If he had not sent me to Oakland I should never have gone, you well know, and he will blame himself as the cause of evil to me."

Untouched by this appeal, Mrs. Hawks icily said:

"Your father is slowly poisoning himself with the drug he uses to such excess. If he dies, it will not be because I choose to disappoint his hopes for you, but from the natural result of his own sinful self-indulgence. I have long seen what the end must be, but it is useless to reason with such a man as he is. I insist that you shall tell him what has passed between us to-day, that he may understand and appreciate the evil results of his own conduct. As to Insie coming back to him to reveal the hiding-place of a will that never was made, it is all bosh. In his visits to Oakland, before he persuaded my sister to run off with him, he has pried into every cranny, and discovered the recess in the wall. He had, no doubt, forgotten its existence till a dream brought back its memory, and he thought it best to find out if anything was concealed in it; so he sent you on this shameful errand. That is a far more rational explanation than the one Mr. Lopez chooses to give, and it is the only one *I* shall choose to put faith in. I am tired—I must rest before Mr. Manly comes. Call Perkins, and you can join Miss Gordon in the room, if you wish it."

"Excuse me, aunt; I will return home if you please. My father is too much indisposed to do without me long."

"Umph! jealous, I suppose! Well, you have good cause for it if you only knew all," muttered Mrs. Hawks. She then spoke in a louder key:

"Do as you will, child; only call Perkins to me before you go. This is the second time I have told you I want her, and you haven't budged yet. I suppose you think as you are not to get any fortune, it doesn't matter whether you do as I bid you or not."

Inez arose, and after tapping on the door of the dressing-room, Mrs. Perkins came from it, looking uneasy and irritated. She had heard every word that had passed between her mistress and her niece, and in this first moment of defeat she would think of nothing save the treachery of her young ally; for she felt assured that Nina must have used all her arts in her own interests to have brought such a crisis as the present one.

Mrs. Perkins silently offered her mistress the attentions she needed; and, after being so summarily dismissed, Inez only paused to say:

"Good-bye, aunt!" and effected her escape from the room.

When Mrs. Hawks was comfortably placed upon her pillows, the waiting-woman curtly asked:

"Will you tell me what that lawyer is really coming here for, ma'am? I hope to the Lord that you were only taunting Miss Inez when you said what you did before I went out. You *can't* be in earnest, ma'am?"

"I shall soon show you whether I am or not," was the peevish reply. "Don't worry me now, Perkins, for I am tired and must rest."

"You'll soon have time enough to rest, if the good man will let you lie down in peace after you have done such a wrong as you threatened just now. What will you say to your own father and sister when you meet them in the other world, if you've gone and given the old man's fortune to a undermining stranger, and left your own blood next to nothing? Do you think *they'll* take you by the hand in the shining streets of the new Jerusalem, and welcome you with songs of joy? Not they, I guess, after you've done such a crying wrong to the poor child that's just left you half broken-hearted."

What effect this appeal might have had no one can say, had Mrs. Hawks heard it; but it was scarcely commenced when she fell into a slight convulsion, which was followed by the sudden and deep sleep which always followed her attacks.

While her senses were locked in oblivion, it was dangerous to attempt to arouse her, for if such a thing happened, she invariably fell into one of her most frightful spasms. As Mrs. Perkins looked down on her changed face, she resentfully muttered:

"If I thought she'd die in the fit, I believe I could find it in my heart to wake her up. But she'd be sure not to die. She'd revive so as to make that will cutting my poor darling off for that deceitful young viper. I wonder how I could have trusted that treacherous face. She aint like Anna Moore for nothing. I know that *she* kept the old man's anger alive against poor Miss Insie, and she did it that the money might all be left to this one. She never liked Miss Insie much, and after all that fuss about the Hasting affair, it is easy to understand that no love was lost between them."

Although apparently asleep, the consciousness of Mrs. Hawks seemed half-awake, for the name spoken by her attendant struck a cord that instantly vibrated, and she faintly whispered:

"Anna Moore—Anna Moore—yes, I was very fond of her. We were more to each other than Ensie and I, and this girl is strangely like her. Don't you see that is why I am drawn to her,—she brings me back my youth.

"It is but just; Anna's influence gained me half that I have; so I'll rescue this girl from dependence by giving all to her. I suspect—I almost know who she is, though she does not herself. But what does that matter? I love her as I did her mother before her, and I'll do what I please with my own."

Mrs. Perkins imperfectly caught the drift of these disjointed mutterings, and she wrung her hands in impotent despair. She felt that she must vent her wrath on some one, and she glided across the parlor and, after a slight tap on the door of Nina's room, unceremoniously entered. She found that young lady reclining in a large chair, reading a volume,—for it was yet too early in the day for her to be summoned to her duties.

Nina laid her book aside, and with her engaging smile looked up at the stormy face of her visitor, and sweetly asked:

"My dear Mrs. Perkins has anything happened to annoy you? Your face has a very singular, not to say, sinister expression. I hope that you are not angry with me, for I have really done all that was in my power to carry out your wishes since I have been near Mrs. Hawks."

The woman shook her finger emphatically toward her, and excitedly replied:

"You are up to anything, Miss Gordon—you are. You think to come over me now with your soft words, when you've been and done all you could to get around that old woman in yonder, and make her believe that you're fit to be trusted with her money. You've sent Miss Inez to the right about; but I've come to tell you that if my mistress is silly enough to make a will in your favor, it won't be worth the paper it's writ on. *I* know that a settlement was made that gave the estate back to the heir of the Horton's after Mrs. Hawks dies, and that paper shall be found yet if it is above the ground."

Nina listened to this long address with an air of innocent astonishment. She quietly said

"I hope it is so, Mrs. Perkins, for I assure you that I have no wish to deprive Miss Lopez of her inheritance. If Mrs. Hawks entertains such liberal intentions towards me, I was far from suspecting them; but she will think better of it. So capricious a woman as she is, can scarcely be relied on. To-day she is offended with her niece, but to-morrow she will be in a good humor with her again. I promise to do all that is in my power to appease her anger, but to do that I must know its cause."

"As if you hadn't found *that* out already," exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, contemptuously. "Catch a weasel asleep, indeed! I see through you at last, Miss Gordon, and you can't deceive me any longer. You've only been trying to feather yonr own nest while pretending to be looking after the interests of Miss Inez. You've won the first play, but the odd trick has to come yet, and you shall find out that Miss Lopez will hold the winning card."

The eyes of Nina flashed, and an expeession of superb disdain curled her ruby lip. To look on her then, one would have declared her to be the very incarnation of truth and outraged honor. She haughtily replied:

"It matters little to me, Mrs. Perkins, who may or may not hold the winning card, as you call it. I only know that I have done my duty by the poor old body of whom you permit yourself to speak so disrespectfully. My heart has been touched with pity for her condition, and if my manner of evincing sympathy has won on her affections, am I to blame for it, I ask you? Mrs. Hawks' niece neglects her, not wilfully, I believe; but still she rarely visits her, and if her aunt contrasts my devotion with her indifference, can you wonder that she prefers me to her? I beg that you will not permit yourself to address me in such a manner again, for I cannot submit to be insulted with impunity. I believe you to be a good woman, and I know you to be an excellent nurse, but even those qualities may be outweighed by the faults of temper you have displayed to-day."

The cool impertinence of this address actually appalled the irate listener. For a few moments she stood open-mouthed and breathless, incapable of articulating a word. Then, with a deep inspiration, she ejaculated:

"Well, this does beat all! That *I* should live to hear myself talked to in such a way by a slip of a girl that was took in the family but the other day."

Before she could add more, Nina pointed to the door, and peremptorily said:

"I will do more than talk, Mrs. Perkins, if you do not leave me without adding to the insults you have already given me. You will oblige me by remembering that I have taken the position of Mrs. Hawks' adopted daughter, and as such, I claim respectful treatment from her dependents. If you wish to retain your place, you must change your tactics toward me, or I will use the power I have gained in a way that will not be very agreeable to you. A word to the wise is sufficient. You can go now, as I think we fully understand each other."

In the excess of her rage, and astonishment at this calm assumption of superiority, Mrs. Perkins actually left the room without another word. Her tongue seemed paralyzed, and all her faculties in such a state of confusion that she thought it best to retreat, even if there was ignominy in doing so, till she had time to reflect, and arrange some plan that promised to defeat the manœuvres of the enemy.

Nina Gordon had measured her own strength, and believed her footing too secure to be shaken by her adversary, or she would never have dared to defy her in this insolent manner. Such was the conviction of the waiting woman; but after long reflection on the scene that had just passed, she consoled herself by repeating a piece of wisdom gathered from her own experience in life.

"It's the long head that wins at last, and that girl is lighter than chaff; smart as she is, I'll be more than even with her yet, smart as she thinks herself."

Thus muttering, Mrs. Perkins sat down beside her mistress to fan her, and be at hand when she awoke.

At the end of half an hour, Mrs. Hawks opened her eyes and asked:

"Has Mr. Manly come yet? How long have I been asleep?"

"Not very long, ma'am. The lawyer ain't come yet, and when he does, I hardly think you're strong enough to see him to-day."

At this, Mrs. Hawks flared her eyes open, showing the ghastly white ring around the pupil in its greatest width. She scornfully said:

"I am quite well enough to do what you have often urged on me. Help me into the parlor, and place me comfortably before Mr. Manly comes, for the sun shall not go down before my will is made."

"Won't it be better to let your anger cool down before you see him, for Miss ——"

"Hold your tongue. Don't call the name of my niece in my presence again to-day; if you do, I'll cut her off with half the annual sum I thought of leaving her. Give me your arm. I don't feel strong enough to walk alone."

Swelling with wrath and humiliation, Mrs. Perkins bit her lips to keep back the words that sprang to them, and silently afforded the required assistance.

Mrs. Hawks was placed in a large cushioned chair, with a pillow at her back, and she then ordered a table to be drawn near her, on which pens, ink and paper were placed ready for use.

Nina was then summoned, and Mrs. Perkins dismissed, with orders to call a cab and go to the Glades with the information that everything was prepared for the execution of the will which was to cut Inez off from her inheritance.

In speechless rage she left the apartment, and no sooner had the door closed on her, than the pretty young hypocrite, who had so successfully carried out her own plans, leaned over the chair of the infatuated old lady, and, kissing her withered cheek, caressingly said:

"You look better to-day, dear madam; and this cap is very becoming. You don't know how nice and sweet looking you are in it."

"Nonsense, child; don't try to flatter me. In my young days I had some pretensions to good looks, but ill health and mental suffering have destroyed them. I have not been a happy woman, Nina, and to you I owe the little gleam of sunshine that falls on me now. I am deserted and betrayed by my own blood, and you are all that is left to console me. I hope that you really do care for me a little, child!"

There was a wistful tone in her voice, and Nina hastened to dispel the doubt her words seemed to imply. She kissed the tremulous hands that lay so helplessly before her, and kneeling on a cushion that brought her face on a level with that of her benefactress, she spoke in tones that seemed to vibrate with emotion:

"Do I care for you a *little?* Ah! dear Mrs. Hawks, be more just to your poor Nina. I cling to you as my only friend; I love you as if you were my mother. Till I knew you I was utterly alone in the world—a castaway, with no position in life, no heart to lean on; but you, in your sublime benificence, have given me both. Only let me love you as my heart prompts, and you will feel that you have indeed gained a dutiful and affectionate daughter in adopting me."

She spoke so close to the old lady's ear, that she heard and understood every word of this artful address, and respondedto it by saying:

"I believe it, Nina, and I will this day prove to you how highly I appreciate your devotion. *No one* shall stand between you and me. I will do all for you that a mother could do for her own child."

While Nina was profusely pouring forth her thanks and protestations, a knock came to the door, and Mrs. Hawks hurriedly said:

"That will do, my love. There is the lawyer I sent for to make my will. Open the door and ask him in, for I am anxious to get the thing done and off my mind."

Nina's heart bounded wildly. She knew that Mrs. Hawks was furiously angry with her niece on account of her visit to Oakland, and she augured the best results to herself from this sudden determination to execute her last testament while in this state of feeling toward Inez.

She moved swiftly toward the door, opened it, and admitted a grave-looking man, past middle age, who bowed profoundly before her, and announced himself as Mr. Manly.

Mrs. Hawks greeted him as an old acquaintance, waived him to a seat, and then turning to her young companion, said:

"You can go to your own room now, my dear, as I have business of importance to discuss with Mr. Manly. If I should need you, you will be within call."

Nina promptly obeyed; but, as she told Kitty Bates, she left the door of communication imperfectly closed, and listened to all that passed after the arrival of the lawyer.

Mr. Manly stiffly drew his chair nearer to the table beside which his client sat, and spoke in a hard, metallic voice, the peculiar ring of which enabled Mrs. Hawks to comprehend what he was saying.

"It is many years since we met, madam, and time has not dealt lightly with either of us. But pray excuse me; I forgot that ladies don't like to hear of such changes, so we will turn to a more agreeable subject. Your niece is a very lovely girl, I must say. I have seldom seen so beautiful a blonde."

Mrs. Hawks' wrath was rising at the supposed praise of Inez, but his concluding words enlightened her as to the mistake she had made, and she graciously said:

"The young lady who has just left us is not my niece, but my adopted daughter; I have sent for you to-day to recognize the claims legally as such, and to execute my will in her favor."

The man of law opened wide his light gray eyes, and stammered in a perturbed manner:

"What—what becomes of the claims of your niece, madam? Excuse me, Mrs. Hawks, but I do not think that your father contemplated the possibility that his grand-daughter would be disinherited, and his estate left to an alien in blood. You surely cannot mean that the whole of your large fortune shall descend to an *adopted* daughter?"

"That is precisely my intention, Mr. Manly, and all you have to do is to carry out my wishes, for which purpose I caused you to be summoned here. If my father had designed any portion of his wealth to descend to the child of the daughter he had himself cast off, he would have made some provision to that effect. Since he did not do so, I feel myself at liberty to dispose of the whole estate according to my own wishes. I shall provide for my niece by leaving her an annuity sufficient for her to live on, but the bulk of my fortune shall go to Nina Gordon, the young girl who has just left us. She is far more to me than ever Inez has been."

Mr. Manly listened respectfully, but he was evidently much agitated. He arose, and took several turns across the floor, apparently debating in his own mind what he should say. At length he again resumed his seat, and somewhat huskily spoke:

"In this conjuncture of affairs, it becomes my painful duty to inform you, madam, of what I had hoped no one beside myself might ever know. There *was* a will drawn up by Mr. Horton himself, and witnessed by myself, and one other person, who is since dead. I cannot tell you precisely what it contained, for I was not permitted to read it over, but after it was sealed, your father said to me:

"'This will secure the succession of the estate to my grand-daughter. I will place it where it will be safe till the time for its use arrives. I will furnish you with a clue to its hiding place which must not be invaded till Inez Lopez attains her nineteenth year.'

"I accepted the trust, and Mr. Horton gave me a small sealed package endorsed on the back:

"'To be opened by Roger Manly on the fourteenth of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-one; the day Inez Lopez completes her nineteenth year.'

"Now, madam, comes the painful and humiliating part of my revelation. That paper, which contained the secret of the hiding place formed for Mr. Horton's last will, has been stolen from the tin box in which it was kept; God knows by whom, for I have no means of discovering. I was naturally curious to know what it contained, and on the very day named, I sought for the package in vain. It had been abstracted; by whom, or for what purpose, I cannot conjecture."

The two looked at each other a moment in silence; then with a movement of contempt, Mrs. Hawks said:

"You seem to take remarkable care of the interests of your clients, I must say. Such a trust as *that*, should have been placed where it was impossible for any one to reach it but yourself, and your carelessness is inexcusable."

"So I believed it was placed, Mrs. Hawks. I have in my office, substantial boxes with patent locks, labelled with the different letters of the alphabet; and in letter H. the papers relative to your father's estate were kept. The one I refer to was among them."

"And were they the only papers in that box?"

"No madam. Howard, Hathaway, Hawkins, and Hopkinson were all in the same receptacle; that is, deeds, &c., belonging to those gentlemen, were there; but I allowed no one access to the boxes but myself."

"How do you account for the disappearance of this paper, then?"

"It must have been taken away when I was ill. I had a sudden attack of insensibility while in my office not long since, and when I got over it, I found that my bunch of keys had been left several hours lying on my desk. I examined into my papers as well as I could, but it was some time before I was strong enough to do much. When the fourteenth of August came around, I opened the H box, and found to my dismay that it had been robbed of the very thing I was in search of. That is the whole truth of the matter, Mrs. Hawks, humiliating as it is to me to confess it."

Mrs. Hawks meditated a few moments, and then asked:

"Could any one in the interest of Mr. Lopez have committed the theft?"

"If that had been so, you would have heard from that gentleman before now, madam; for I am very certain that at the age named, his daughter was to come into possession of a large portion of the estate you hold as absolutely your own. No; whoever took that paper intended to serve his own private ends by doing so, and Miss Lopez will have to pay a round sum if she ever recovers it."

His client looked disturbed: after a pause, she said:

"My mind is made up to proceed as if the settlement you refer to had never existed. The clue to its hiding place seems to be lost, so I shall trouble myself no more about it. There are pens and paper, Mr. Manley; write out my will at once, if you please. Here is a list of my bank stocks and city property, which I have had by me for this purpose for a long time. My instructions are brief enough, and easily understood.

"I devise the whole of my real and personal estate to Nina Gordon, my adopted daughter, burdened with two annuities: one of a thousand dollars a year to my niece, Inez Lopez, for the term of her natural life; and the other of three hundred dollars a year to Mrs. Jane Perkins, my maid, on the condition that she will take care of my pet poodle as long as he lives."

The lawyer deprecatingly said:

"But, my dear madam, think of the enormous disparity of what you intend to do for these two young girls, one of whom is the daughter of your only sister. You should, at least, respect the wishes of your father so far as to make an equal division of the estate between them. Upon my word, madam, you have too much money to give, to bestow all on one person. Nearly all, that is; a thousand a year is not poverty, but then, you see, that in justice Miss Lopez should have ten thousand. I suppose that figure is within the half of your income, Mrs. Hawks?"

With extreme dryness, she replied:

"You have guessed quite accurately, Mr. Manly; but I decline any further discussion of this question. If you will comply literally with the directions I have given you, I shall be satisfied. But if you insist on bringing forward the claims of Inez Lopez, I must employ some person less interested in her behalf than you seem to be. I sent for you to act as *my* lawyer, not hers."

Mr. Manly bowed, muttered some unintelligible words about natural justice, but ended by curtly saying:

"I am at your service, Madam. Since your mind is made up as to the disposition of your property, I may as well write your will as any other man."

"Very well—and take care to bind up everything tight and fast; mind that now. There must be no flaw that will enable Mr. Lopez to break my will. Of course he would attempt it if there was any chance of success."

Mr. Manly only replied by taking up the pen and spreading the paper before him. Mrs. Hawks sunk back and closed her eyes, and for the next hour but few words passed between them. He wrote steadily occasionally referring to the memorandum Mrs. Hawks had given him, which set forth the value of her possessions, and at intervals he cast half pitying, half contemptuous glances at the faded, shaky woman who could derive no enjoyment from her wealth, and vented her spite against her nearest relative by cutting her off with a pittance.

Mr. Manly had no personal acquaintance with Inez. He only knew of her existence, and took such interest in her fortunes as a prospective client might inspire; but he dug his pen into the senseless paper with the injured feeling that the girl whose interests he had been especially deputed to guard should be dispossessed in favor of an utter stranger of the property he felt certain had been bequeathed to her.

Who was this Miss Gordon, he asked himself. She looked wonderfully like some one he had known, but all his efforts did not enable him to recal who that person was, till he suddenly remembered a picture he had once seen at Oakland. At this point Mr. Manly suspended his pen and sharply asked:

"Is not the legatee a daughter of that Miss Moore whose portrait hangs in the room adjoining the library at the old place? I remember now—that is why I mistook her for a relation of yours when I came in."

Mrs. Hawks seemed a little fluttered by this sudden inquiry. She briefly responded:

"You too have remarked the resemblance which struck me when I first saw Miss Gordon; but so far as I know, she is not related to the person you refer to. There is no reason why I should leave my fortune to a child of Anna Moore."

Again the busy pen resumed its course; the important document was completed, read aloud to the testator, and declared to be so carefully drawn up that Mr. Manly defied any one to find a flaw in it.

Mrs. Hawks was satisfied, and just at this crisis Mrs. Perkins returned from her banishment to the Glades in time to witness the old lady's signature, at which ceremony Dick was called in to assist. The will was then sealed up in a massive envelope and labelled—"The last will and testament of Eunice Horton Hawks, executed the twenty-first of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-one."

Mrs. Perkins affixed her own signature very sulkily, and she spoke in an aside to the lawyer:

"You have assisted to do a wicked and unjust thing, sir. Mrs. Hawks is in a passion with the lawful heiress, and has given her fortune away to a pretty flatterer who knows how to keep on her blind side."

"So I suppose, but there was no help for it just now. Perhaps something may turn up yet that will undo this day's work, and I am sure I hope it will. Mrs. Perkins, I remember you very well, and you hold your own much better than your mistress there does."

"Thank'e, sir, but I don't vally compliments. If anything can be done for Miss Inez I hope you will do it. You used to be at the old place when Mr. Horton was living; you were a gay young man then, but he had confidence in you, Mr. Manly, and I hope that you won't see wrong done to his grandchild."

"Not, if I can help it, Mrs. Perkins; but just now I can't see my way clear to do much. Light may come though, when one least expects it."

He took up the package and, turning to Mrs. Hawks, said:

"I suppose you wish me to keep this in my possession, Madam?"

"No, thank you. After the loss you told me of to-day, I think it will be safer in my own keeping. I believe we are through now, Mr. Manly; and, if you will excuse me, I will retire to my room, as I feel very much fatigued."

The lawyer flushed, bowed stiffly, and was leaving the room, when Mrs. Hawks arrested him by saying:

"Send in your bill, sir, and I will settle it to-morrow. I always pay as I go."

"Very well, madam, I shall remember;" and Mr. Manly made another stiff obeisance, and was gone.

Mrs. Hawks took up the envelope and, assisted by Mrs. Perkins, went to her room. She called for a casket in which she kept her jewels, locked up the will in it, and, summoning Nina to her presence, solemnly said:

"I have deposited my will in this casket, Nina, as both you and Mrs. Perkins can testify. As *you* are particularly interested in its contents, when I am dead I wish you to remove it yourself in the presence of other witnesses, and—and—I hope, my dear, that what I have bestowed on you may bring you more happiness than it has ever brought to me."

Nina kissed her in reply, and was about to break into a volume of protestations, when the old lady, overcome by the varied excitements of the day, fell into so violent a spasm that, for a few hours, she was in imminent danger of passing from the scene at once.

She revived, however; and, when she was safely disposed of for the night, Nina hurried to Kitty's room to hold that conversation which has already been recorded, and, afterward, to take her place in the giddy throng in the ballroom.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

### A Good Man.

L. and M. have the means to be happy, as much as any husband and wife in society. Perhaps no person in the world is better calculated to please a judicious woman than L. His mind, though his advantages in literature have been but very few, is well stored with useful knowledge. He possesses a judgment, penetrating and accurate; a patience of investigation, and an impartiality of thought that places him generally above prejudice. His rule of action is the good of others, from whence springs a benevolence and generosity tempered with prudence. He admires with a degree of enthusiasm everything noble in another; and, by consequence, looks on a narrow mind with an unforgiving detestation.

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—The cares and anxieties of life will be felt by us in a greater or less degree in exact proportion as we enjoy at the time a greater or less degree of health.

### SUMMER NIGHT SONG.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

We are under the wings of the blue summer night,
To the body repose, to the spirit delight—
Not a sound save the river's deep, mystical song,
As he seems but for us to be rolling along.

II.

And the thought is not born of mere pride in the heart:
For what else did the worlds from the Chaos-Gulfs start?
For what else do they still through the long, endless years,
Keep the undying march of the measureless spheres?

III.

Yes, all beauty, all grandeur 'tis ours to own,
And amid all the opulence we are alone
Crowned the princes, and joy at each glorious shrine
Is a worship received by the Maker Divine.

IV.

Then away with all care about Life's lower things,
While we sit under Summer's blue, beautiful wings
Spread by Night at command of the Father above—
Every heart wreathed in peace, every soul starred with love.

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# SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

## FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

### No. XII.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

HOMEWARD-BOUND—THE HURRICANE.

The owners of the *Naumkeag* had a ship called *The Lexington*, which had been kept busy in the waters of India for ten or twelve years. Her voyages were made from Calcutta to Canton, and one or two other ports upon the Chinese coast, and her chief business was smuggling opium. She took the opium from Calcutta, and having got it on shore at Canton, she there took on board a load of tea, which she delivered at the first-named port, thus saving us the necessity of going to Canton for our cargo, and shortening our voyage by at least two months and a half. *The Lexington* was away while we were in the Hoogly, having left Calcutta only about three weeks before we arrived; but she had our cargo all in readiness for us, so that we only had to produce our papers to have the store-house unlocked, and the tea broken out for us.

As soon as the last item of our outward-bound cargo had been taken from the hold, we hauled into the shore, where we hove the ship down and cleaned her bottom,* and when that had been done we commenced to load up; and in just one week from the day on which we commenced to load, our cargo was all on board, and the hatches put on and secured; and having laid in plenty of provisions, and taken as much fruit and "fresh tack" as we thought would keep, we were ready to up anchor and make sail for home.

Probably no person could have enjoyed more of satisfaction and pleasure in honest labor than I had enjoyed on board the *Naumkeag*. The captain and the mates and the crew had all been kind to me; I had found the life of a sailor even more agreeable than I had anticipated; I had enjoyed the most perfect health; my duties had been agreeable; and even those more serious passages, where mortal danger had been so close a companion, formed pleasant themes for reflection now that they were passed, and I could hold them in memory as so many adventures to tell of in the times to come. And yet, for all this, I think words never thrilled more joyously through every avenue of my feeling, than did those words of our boatswain which broke upon my ears on the clear, beautiful morning of the 28th of November:

"*All hands up anchor, and make sail for home!*"

Never did windlass-bars work more sharply; never did cables walk inboard more roundly; never were sails sheeted home, and yards hoisted with a heartier will; and never did Jo. Long's voice sound so glorious in song as when he piped his "yo-heave-o!" to give time to our hands-over-hands. We had a fair wind, and plenty of it, with a reliable pilot to guide us down, and as soon as the anchor had been catted and fished, and the lifts and trusses hauled taut, and the backstays set up, and the running rigging properly coiled away, I took my station on the taffrail, and watched the scenes we were leaving behind us—scenes which to me who had just begun my career of wandering, were fraught with peculiar interest, because each nook and headland, as it grew dim in the distance, suggested some story that I should have to tell to my friends when I got home. At three o'clock in the afternoon we hove to, and allowed the pilot to get off in his skiff, and before dark the coast of India was lost to sight.

While in the Bay of Bengal we had variable winds, but kept upon our course most of the time, running off an average of about seven knots an hour. In ten days we struck the southeast Trade Wind, and from that time we had it on our beam, and bowled along with flowing sheets.

On the 13th day of December, fifteen days from the mouth of the Hoogly, I witnessed the grandest sight I had yet seen at sea, and one of rare interest, also. The sun arose that morning as clear and bright as I ever saw it, and at noon the heavens gave token of only the most pleasant and favorable weather. I took the sun, as I was in the habit of doing almost every day, and found our latitude to be eighteen degrees and ten minutes South. At two o'clock in the afternoon, I was called to the wheel. The men were lying idly about the deck, and so steady had the wind been, that not a tack, sheet, or brace had been touched since morning. The captain, who had been complaining of a severe headache, and who had strong symptoms of fever, was below in his bunk; and Drake and Sanborn were down in the cabin looking over the log. The only person moving about upon deck, save Long and one or two others, who were forward smoking, was Hod McGuire. Long was the officer of the watch, and while he was enjoying his pipe upon the forecastle, Hod strutted up and down the weather side of the quarter-deck, making believe that he had charge of the ship. He had turned up the fife-rail, and was walking aft, when he stopped as though he saw something that surprised him.

"My eyes! Beck., look a' thar!" he cried, stopping, and pointing over the taffrail with his finger.

I looked astern, and saw a single sea, like a mountain, rolling towards us. What could it mean? The wind was from the South-east, and this sea was coming from the Northward. My first thought was, could I do anything to avoid the sea? No. I could only hold the wheel with a steady hand, and let it come. And before I could call the attention of Long it came, lifting our stern high into the air; then raising the whole mass; and in a few moments more we were sinking down, down, into the deep trough. It passed on to the Southward in its solemn majesty, a huge pile of water, without a companion, looking as though some mighty monster of the deep, robed in blue, were out upon a cruise. By the time the ship had settled to her wonted level Long had come aft, and the two mates had come up from below; and presently afterwards the captain, showing signs of sickness and pain, came on deck. The boatswain pointed to where the huge sea was still visible, and when the captain saw it he swept his eye anxiously over the Northern horizon.

"That means a hurricane," said Drake.

"It does, most certainly," responded the captain.

"Shall I shorten sail?" asked Long.

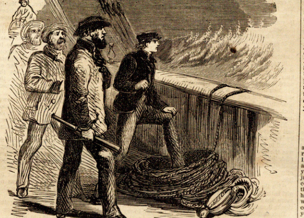
I might here remark, that during the captain's sickness the mates assisted each other in their duties, and thus Long happened to be on duty with the starboard watch.

Mr. Drake shook his head at the question, but waited for the captain to answer.

"Not yet, sir," was Matthews' reply, after looking again along the Northern horizon, "but you will call all hands, and see that everything is ready for dousing sail in an instant."

Accordingly the halliards, and the clewlines, buntlines, brails, and downhauls were cleared; and the men were ready to jump to their stations. At this point, a more experienced hand was called to the wheel, and as I was relieved, I ventured to ask a question: Why, if a hurricane was expected, did they not take in sail at once?

"Because" said the captain, "we may have occasion to run away from it."



And then he explained to me that hurricanes announced by such a sea as that which had just passed us did not usually travel very fast.

At first I was unable to comprehed how a gale of wind that blew with force enough to tear up the ocean, and drive a heavy ship under water, could move so slowly as had been suggested; but it was soon explained to me so that I understood it. Hurricanes do not move in a direct line,—if they did, they would sometimes sweep along at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, which has been estimated as about the highest rate of speed ever attained by the most violent tornados—and thus moving in a straight course, they could not do the mischief that generally results from their passage. The hurricane moves in eccentric circles, spreading wider and wider as each sweep advances upon the one preceding, and thus it moves on until its force is exhausted. For instance: it starts at a given point, and makes one circuit, or *whirl* generally (and I don't know but that always) from left to right. Now, if it takes a course to the Southeast, the next sweep will reach in that direction, and extend in diameter,—that is, growing wider and wider as it progresses. If you would draw a diagram of the course of a whirlwind, or hurricane, take a pencil, and with a free sweep of the hand, commence to draw with a circular motion, each succeeding circle extending beyond the one before it, and at the same time increasing in width; and thus you will have a succession of eccentric circles, something like the flourish which an amateur penman draws beneath his autograph. Now, suppose the hurricane has reached a width of thirty miles, the circumference of its circle would be not far from ninety miles; and suppose, next, that the reach of the new circle is three, or four, or five miles beyond the circumference of the preceding. Thus, you see, the wind is really moving with a velocity of from ninety to a hundred miles an hour, which is sufficient to tear up large trees, and overturn houses, while in a direct line it is not gaining more than six or eight miles at the most. The most furious tornadoes have been known to travel not more than two miles in an hour on a direct course.

We had not long to wait for our hurricane on the present occasion. A little upon the larboard quarter, as I stood by the wheel,—it was directly over the larboard davit,—I saw a line of foam like a low, fleecy cloud; and, directly afterwards, came a hoarse rumbling, not unlike the muttering of far-off thunder. The captain took his glass, and looked in that direction. For a while he was eager and serious, but gradually I noticed the muscles of his lips relax, until his face wore an easy expression.

"Gentlemen," he said, addressing his mates, "upon my soul I believe we can escape it! At all events, I shall run the risk."

He hesitated a moment, and then raised the glass to his eye again; and, when he had taken another survey, he said:

"Unless that fellow takes a most unaccountable whirl, it will pass to the windward of us; so up with your helm, and square away before the wind leaves us."

His order was at once obeyed, and the ship was soon running off to the westward. The line of foam came nearer and nearer, but it was not square upon our beam. As we now ran, with the wind aft, one extremity of the troubled mass was upon our starboard quarter and thence it stretched away to the eastward beyond the bound of our vision. Perhaps we had run off half a dozen knots upon our western course when the wind began to die away, and in a very few minutes our canvas flapped easily against the masts. In our immediate vicinity the surface of the sea assumed the appearance of a dark mirror broken into regular undulations, while to the north'rd and east'rd, not more than two miles distant the waves were lashed in frenzy and the mad spray flew high upon the rampant air.

"In with the top-gallant sails!" ordered the captain. "Bear a hand, my men."

This was executed very quickly; and then the men were stationed by the braces to be ready to point the yards at a moment's warning. I stood by the starboard maintopsail-brace with my eyes fixed upon the coming hurricane. It was sweeping on to the southward and westward, gradually widening towards us, but as yet giving no token of touching us. Our only danger lay in the liability or rather possibility of being caught by the whirling wind and drawn into the mad vortex, but our captain believed he should be able to work off. His method was simply to look to it that, if he was struck, he should be struck upon the starboard side, thus inclining the ship ahead and giving her steerage-way, so that she could work away from it. Even the inexperienced landsman may see that if the ship, under such circumstances, should be struck upon the larboard or left side, with the wind circling from left to right, she would be driven stern foremost—thus rendering her rudder of no essential service, taking her sails all aback, and inevitably drawing her within the scope of the hurricane.

On came the tornado, as though ten thousand times ten thousand mighty monsters of the deep, in mad and relentless fury, were fighting a battle, with the ocean-waves for their weapons. The noise was terrific, sounding like a thousand united thunderbolts rumbling and roaring beneath the surface of the water; while, ever and anon, a fierce shriek broke through the denser volume of sound, as though one or more of the monsters were howling the death-agony. Away to the eastward, as far as the eye could reach, the sea was broken into a foaming mass; while, to the northward, I could see the jagged line that marked the boundary of the whirlwind.

At first I had thought the captain was trying a dangerous experiment in leaving his topsails set; but ere long I saw that, though there may have been risk, he had taken the wisest course under the circumstances. While my heart seemed rising towards my throat, so absorbed was I in the awful grandeur of the scene, the spray came dashing into my face; quick, snapping puffs of cold air reached us, and presently the old ship began to rise and fall and rock to and fro upon the troubled water. The spanker-boom was hauled well over to leeward, and secured so that it could not jibe; faithful hands were stationed by the jib and fore-stay-sail sheets; while Mr. Sanborn took the wheel.

There were a few minutes of breathless anxiety on board our ship. Not a word was spoken, but every man kept his station, his gaze sweeping now over the wild mass of water, and anon turned to the spanker and main-topsail. A few minutes—perhaps five, after the first dash of spray into our faces—and then the monster laid his hand upon us. * * * * *

"Thank God!" burst from our captain's lips. The circling wind had struck fairly upon the after-surface of our sails, and the noble ship, obeying her helm without hesitation, was borne surely and safely away from the enemy. There was a mighty strain upon the spars and rigging; but the weather stays had been carefully set up, and we shot forth from the grasp of the demon without the snapping of a thread or ropeyarn.

Away went the hurricane, tearing and roaring in its mad fury, and the remark of our boatswain, quaint and figurative though it was, appeared to me to have a vast amount of significance. He stood by the taffrail and gazed upon the receding line of foam and driving spray until the roar had become somewhat dull, when he turned to me, and giving his trowsers a hitch, as though the idea required some lifting, he said:

"Beck., my boy, that chap acts kind o' mad 'cause he couldn't get his claws onto us; an' he's a tearin' away now in hopes to pick up somebody 'at haint got their eyes quite so wide open. You'd better take a good look at him as he goes, for I tell ye, ye'll never see a bigger hurricane 'n that was."

There were grateful hearts on board the *Naumkeag* that night, for it was apparent to us all that if we had been caught in the vortex of the hurricane no power of earth could have saved us. Or, at the best, there would have been nine-and-ninety chances of going to the bottom to one chance of riding it out in safety.

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* For the benefit of the uninitiated, I would explain that a ship at sea becomes foul by the gathering of mollusks upon the bottom. They are a shell-fish, some of them bivalves, and some of the snail and polypi genus; and they reproduce with such extreme rapidity, that not unfrequently a ship's bottom will be entirely covered in a very few weeks. Of course, such a collection of extraneous substances below the water line greatly retards the speed of the vessel, and when there is opportunity, the careful commander will always see that the incumbrances are removed.

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### MY GOOD OLD COUNTRY CHURCH.

I couldn't sit still. The toes of my boots were fast wearing a hole in the pew-carpet. My head was hot with the stifling air of the church, which the sexton had neglected to ventilate in the intermission. The glaring, dull, red light of the painted windows seemed to scorch my eyeballs; and the gaslights, intended to remedy this modern exclusion of daylight, only gave me a gipsy longing to lift with Sampson's strength the roof above my head. As to the sermon, I don't know what it was about. Now and then, to be sure, I caught something about Azariah, and Amekiah, and the Hittites; but that didn't seem to quiet me. There was no help for it. I had to sit it through, though my boots felt full of little ants, and I had picked the fringe of my shawl to shreds. What made it worse, memory conjured up certain pleasant country Sundays of long ago. Ah! that walk through the shady, sweet-briar roads, full of perfume, and song, and dew, to the village church, in whose ample shed were tied Dobbins of every shape and color, switching the flies with their long tails, and neighing friendly acquaintance with each other. Oh! the wide-open windows of the church, guiltless of painted apostles and dropsical cherubs, where the breeze played through, bringing with it the sweet odor of clover and honeysuckle and new mown hay, and the drowsy hum of happy insect life, and now and then a little bird, who sung his little song *without pay*, and flitted out again. Oh! the good old snow-haired patriarchs—who *didn't* dye their hair or whiskers—leaning on their sticks, followed by chubby little grandchildren, whose cheeks rivalled the reddest apples in their orchards. Then the farmers' wives, with lells they could breathe under, with ample chests, and sunny glances of content at Susan, and Fanny, and Tommy, in their best Sunday clothes. Then the good old-fashioned singing, with which nobody found fault, though a crack-voiced old deacon did join in, because he was too happy to keep silent about "Jordan." Then the hand-shaking after service, and the hearty good will to "the minister and his folks." Then the adjournment to the grove near by, to pass the intermission till the afternoon service, and the selection of the sweetest and shadiest spot to unpack the lunch baskets. The shifting light through the branches, upon the pretty heads of the country girls, with their fresh cheeks and shining hair and blue ribbons. And after doughnuts and cheese and apple-pie, were shared and eaten, the ramble after wild-flowers round the roots of the mossy old trees, or the selection of the prettiest oak leaves to make wreaths for pretty heads, and the shy looks of admiration of the rustic beaux as they were severally adjusted. Then the little group under the trees, singing psalm tunes; as the matrons wandered over to the grave-yard to read for the hundredth time the little word "Anna," or "Joseph," or "Samuel," inscribed on some head-stone, from which they pulled away the intrusive grass or clover, plucking a little leaf as they left, and hiding it in their ample, motherly bosoms.

All this came to me as I sat in that hot, stifled, painted-window, fashionable church, listening to the dull monotone about the Hittites, from which I reaped nothing but irritation; and I wished I was a school-girl again, back in that lovely village in New Hampshire, where Sundays were not opening days for millinery; where people went to church because they *loved* it, and not because it was "respectable" to be seen there once a day; where heaven's light was not excluded for any dim taper of man's lighting, and one could sing though he had not performed during the week at the opera; and the doxology rang out as only farmers' lungs can make it. I am glad I had this school-girl experience of lovely, balmy, country Sundays, though it spoils me for the formal, city Sunday. Every summer, when I go to the country, I hunt up some old church like this, which all the winter I have longed for. Though, truth to tell, what with city boarders who infest them with their *patchouli* and point-lace, and rustling silks, my country church is getting more difficult every year to find. How it spoils it all, when some grand city dame comes sailing in, with her astounding millinery devices, to profane my simple country church and astonish its simple worshippers! My dear madam, for *my* sake, please this summer "*say* your prayers" on the piazza of the grand hotel, afflicted by yourself and your seven mammoth travelling trunks.

FANNY FERN.

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### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kansas says, "I am a bachelor of forty-three years and shall *now* forever remain single—probably. My recent experience of female character has cured me, I hope, of all weakness towards the sex. And it is about that 'last experience' that I wish to consult you. I was engaged to a widow lady, ten years my junior, to whom I made several costly presents in the course of a few months, I having an abundance of this world's goods and she being rather straitened in her circumstances—not absolutely poor, but yet not well off. I considered her—as I am now ashamed to confess—a lady of the strictest honor, and therefore you will be able to judge of my surprise—my amazement—when I heard that she had married an old lover of hers (who had courted her prior to her first marriage) during a pretended visit to her sister in a neighboring village. I can stand all the wear and tear of *heart* in this matter, but I can't bear to be *cheated out of my property* in such a barefaced manner. Can I not recover the costly things which I gave her *under her agreement to be my wife?* As she has forfeited the agreement under which she obtained the gifts, do not the articles lawfully revert to me?" No, they do not. There was no legal "agreement" as to the gifts. You did not in terms or in substance say to her, every time you made her a present, "I give you this on condition that you shall become my wife, and that, in case you do not wed me, you shall return it." Nor did she accept the presents on such conditions as would give you a *legal* right to repossess yourself of them. Morally speaking, she is delinquent; and if she, or her husband, has such self-respect as should belong to every human being, the gift-articles will be speedily restored to you.

Old Subscriber.—This venerable correspondent says he has read the *Ledger* since January, 1856, and adds, "I just want to say that having some of the numbers for that year, I have been comparing them with the last two numbers (the ones containing Mr. Beecher's first and second installments,) and I must say that the difference is very great. In 1856 I thought the *Ledger* was the best family paper I had ever seen, and so it was; but it wasn't to be compared with the *Ledger* of to-day. I am particularly interested in the articles by the College Presidents. I am glad to see that 'Old Princeton' is to be in the field, and that we are to have Dr. Maclean's article next week. My father was graduated at Princeton, and so was I; and I have two boys whom (D. V.) I shall send there in a few years."

F. S.—It is well enough for the members of your society to "resolve never to rest satisfied with anything short of actual truth, both in history and biography;" but it will be quite another thing for them to *get at* the "actual truth" on any subject whatever. In the first place, a historian capable of perceiving and understanding the "exact truth" on every point in his history, probably never lived; and in the second place, it is doubtful if one ever lived who could tell, or who has told, the "exact truth" on all subjects within his knowledge and understanding. To be able to do the latter, a man would have to be without prejudices, likes or dislikes, loves or hatreds, or any of those passions or sentiments which bias the mind as certainly as temperature affects the body.

Monarch.—This correspondent says he is "a wealthy man, in the prime of life, not ill-looking, of a good temper and sound education; and yet," he continues, "I have never been successful in matters of love, and have been led to ask, Why is this? Is it because women prefer men of light and trifling character to gentlemen of sound sense and accomplishments? Perhaps the *Ledger* can enlighten me on this interesting question." You sadly need enlightenment if you imagine that your poor success with women has come of your superiority to other men. The real reason for your non-success is doubtless to be found in your conceit, and grumbling propensities, and affectation of superiority. The girls see through you at once and so avoid you.

Indulgence.—The amount of indulgence which a parent should extend to a child is a question of judgment and discretion, and must be decided according to the particular circumstances of each case. All children cannot properly be treated alike; nor can they be indulged alike, nor restricted alike, with safety. The treatment which one child would thrive on might be highly deleterious to another. In the case of your own sick boy, you should proceed with much caution, and always act with sole reference to his own best welfare, and *never* under the impulsion of temper or vexation.

Sixteen.—A boy of sixteen, who claims to have been in love—"real, honest, manly love,"—for three years, must be a rare youth, if his claim can be substantiated. It is right for your companions to "ridicule you about the girl." If they could laugh you out of your absurd passion altogether, it would be a good thing for you. No wonder that the girl's parents consider your attentions to their daughter impertinent. You should stop writing love-letters, and attend to your books and boyish sports.

Deuteronomy.—All your casuistical discussions and evasions of the vital points of morality and religion will avail you nothing. You very well know what your duty is, as a husband and father, and if you do not perform it no amount of *theoretical* righteousness will avail you. That kind of *public* goodness and philanthropy which leads a man to neglect all his *private* and domestic obligations is about the vilest mask which hypocrisy and baseness ever assumed.

Dibble.—Early in June would be a good time for your company to start on the overland route to Nevada. As you get beyond steamboats and railroads, where provender is scarce, you must depend on grass for your horses.

D. H., (Maryland).—If your friend engages in the manufacture and sale of medicines, he will have to pay a license fee to the U. S. Government. The fact that he is not a regular physician makes no difference.

Roderick.—You can easily find a teacher of Spanish in Boston. You ought to learn the language in a year or eighteen months, if you have nothing else to do.

B. G.—By going to San Francisco, you could find a vessel bound for the Society Islands, without having to wait an unreasonable time.

Theos says he is a young theological student, and of an investigating and analytical mind. "I am one of that class," he says, "who cannot be satisfied with anything short of positive demonstration, and this gets me into trouble with the professors, who call me unreasonable and charge me with *pretending* to a skepticalness which I do not really feel. Now, what am I to do? I cannot help being analytical, and why should I be blamed for the legitimate activity of the logical powers with which I have been endowed?" The tone of your letter leads us to think that your difficulty really comes from your conceit. You have altogether too high an opinion of your "analytical mind" and "logical powers." You evidently imagine that as to those two points you are without an equal; whereas the chances are that you are feeble both in logic and analysis. Or it may be that you are destitute of imagination and those other higher faculties which enable a man to roam with observant and well-balanced powers through the loftiest and most recondite fields of philosophy and metaphysics.

Sexton.—Of course it was "ungentlemanly" for the persons referred to to play such a trick on you. The one who dressed himself up as a girl and humbugged you into a courtship and marriage engagement, was no worse than the others who were in the plot, however. That "lawyer" to whom you have been sent for advice, is doubtless one of the plotters also, and no lawyer at all, as no member of the profession would engage in such business. You must be about as much of an idiot as the law allows to run at large, or you could never be even sufficiently impressed with the notion that a suit for breach of promise could be maintained in such a case, to lead you to ask the question. You should have a guardian appointed to look after you as soon as possible. Why do you not compel the parties to restore the presents you made to your bogus sweetheart, or pay their value, and also to refund all that the "courtship" cost you? You might have the whole batch of them indicted for swindling, or for a conspiracy to defraud.

Golden.—It is a very old and very common adage that "all that glitters is not gold," and yet you seem to have been ignorant or, at least, unmindful of it. If the man who sold you the counterfeit gold dust has actually gone to Cuba, and has left no property in this country, you are without remedy. His offering to take your note, without an endorser, for half the price of the "dust," ought to have awakened your suspicions, as you were entirely unknown to him, and say that all you were worth in the world was the twenty-three hundred dollars which you paid to him. It was a queer transaction all round. It really looks as though *you* intended to cheat *him* out of the amount of the note and were led into the trap through your own greed and dishonesty.

M. H.—If you have applied for the patent, you can sell a one-half interest in your invention and in the patent to be issued, in such a manner that the sale will be binding. Describe your invention and the patent for which you have applied in such a manner as to distinguish them clearly in your contract of sale, and also insert a clause agreeing, on the issuing of the patent, to execute a sufficient and valid transfer of one-half of it to the party to whom you wish now to sell. The person who wishes to buy the one-half interest of you should get some competent lawyer to draw up the papers, and then the business would be done right.

Hesper.—Your notions as to the "proper elocutionary delivery of clergymen and other public speakers," are not only erroneous, but absurd. Your natural taste as to such matters is abominable, or else you have been trained in a most vicious school—a school in which such detestable stuff as "Me chee-ild, me golden-'aired butcherflee-eye!" (for "My child, my golden-haired butterfly!") is indulged in "without mitigation or remorse of voice." An off-hand, plain, natural, distinct utterance is the best for a public speaker of any kind. Theatrical mouthing is as bad off the stage as on it.

T. E.—Your first step should be to present the case dispassionately, and with the utmost possible clearness and accuracy, to the party who has wronged you, and ask him to do what would be the right thing for him to do under the circumstances. It may be that he had no intention of wronging you, and that he is in fact ignorant of having done you any harm, and of your feelings in regard to the whole matter. If, after having put him in possession of the whole case, as you understand it, he refuses to give you proper satisfaction, you can then pursue such a course as circumstances may dictate.

Reconstructed Rebel.—You are beginning to get on the right track, but you have yet a great deal to learn, and you will make but little progress so long as you spend so much of your time and energy in politics. If you and your neighbors would set energetically at work and "reconstruct" your fences, barns, farms, plantations, roads, school-houses, churches, &c., and let politics alone, you would soon be in a condition of prosperity such as would enable you to laugh at long-winded and meddlesome politicians.

Boat-ride.—It was certainly both unkind and improper for the young lady to whom you are engaged to accept an invitation to accompany the stranger on the excursion, when she had good reason to believe that you intended to go; and, in that case, would, as a matter of course, invite her to go with you. She should, at the very least, have waited until she had obtained positive knowledge that you did not intend to go before she accepted an invitation from anybody else.

C. L.—We have so often explained the two methods of arithmetical notation in use, and the two methods of writing numbers above one hundred million, (100,000,000,) that we must decline repeating the explanation. You should buy an arithmetic, if you have none in the house, and look the matter over for yourself. No one who makes any pretensions to knowledge on the subject should be ignorant as to such an elementary fact.

Injury.—If your uncle *promised* to give you sixty dollars in gold—"real gold coin," as you say, for your services—he ought not now to try to turn you off with that amount in currency. His plea that he supposed gold would be at par before the time came for payment, is a mean and petty one. He ought to be ashamed of such indecent conduct.

Dorsetshire.—Do not allow yourself to be drawn into "promising speculations" by persons of whom you know next to nothing, nor even by those whom you are well acquainted with. You would act very foolishly were you to mortgage your farm in order to raise money to buy "mining property" anywhere in the world.

Abner.—It would *not* "do a boy sixteen years old any harm to learn the four Gospels by heart," nor would such mental industry harm a person of any age or sex, whose mental powers could stand the necessary exertion.

C. W.—Perhaps your child is too young to study grammar to advantage. It is not a good plan to force a child to study any branch before its mind has ripened sufficiently for it.

W. D. C.—There is but one lieutenant-general in the American army.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

[From the Buffalo Daily Express.]

The New-York Ledger.—We confess to a profound admiration for Robert Bonner. Not so much for the business genius of the man whose nerve in the expenditure of capital has made his name known wherever in this country a newspaper goes its rounds, or a dead wall lifts itself for adornment at the hands of the bill-poster, as for the indisputable good which, while reaping the rewards of honorable enterprise, he has managed to confer on the largest element in our society. By no violent transitions, no rash reforms, quietly but surely he has changed for good the tone of a literature which is the only literature of the masses. To concede this is to ascribe to a single individual a power more potential than that of many kings, and yet very few careful observers will hesitate to acknowledge the justice of the claim.

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